

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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[ONE PENNY.]

THE CAB STRIKE.

On Saturday afternoon the vast body of drivers on strike assembled at their yards and other places of meeting, and having procured vehicles of various descriptions, formed into processions, and proceeded to Primrose-hill, where they had been requested, by placards, to meet at 4 o'clock. The scene at Primrose-hill at that hour, and up to 8 o'clock, was of an extraordinary character. Four-wheelers were constantly arriving, each carrying, inside and outside, from eight to a dozen cabmen, who shouted and cheered as they recognised each other, and saw the numerical importance of the demonstration. An imposing array of flies and laden traps, containing cab-owners and drivers with their wives and children, was to be seen outside the park, several mounted cab-owners were among the crowd, and on the brow of the hill a large number of persons took up a position near the spot on which the meeting was held. During the cheering, shouting, and excitement which prevailed, a privileged cab containing a gentleman and two children, and evidently bound for Euston-station appeared within view, whereupon the crowd groaned and hooted furiously, and a section of it rushed towards the cab either for the purpose of demolishing it or ill-treating the driver. Serious consequences were, however, prevented by the timely interposition of Mr. Crocker, the secretary of the cabmen's committee, who jumped on to the driver's seat and led the cab, amid enthusiastic cheering, outside the limits of the assemblage. About half-past 4 a procession, headed by a few musicians, was formed, and preceded by a banner bearing the inscription, "Justice, and no more—our rights and no less," marched to the brow of the hill where the committee had previously taken

their stand. The numbers swelled immensely, and in a short time no less than 3,000 or 4,000 assembled. Before the chair was taken, all present obeying the injunction of a cab-owner and driver named Barnes, who is a prominent member of the committee, sat down and formed a circle of which the improvised platform was the centre. Barnes seemed to have considerable influence over his brother cabbies. They obeyed him good-humouredly, and thoroughly appreciated the slang phrases in which he indulged. He told them he was sorry he could not drink their health, but he would take a pinch of snuff, and say "God bless 'em all." He then very generously held out his snuff box and invited those near "to take a pinch, and be jolly."

A great number of foolish speeches having been delivered, the meeting broke up about 7 o'clock.

The effect of the strike upon the attendance at the theatres, was not such as might have been expected; but it must be remembered that the weather was beautifully fine, and that playgoers were not frightened by visions of mud and rain. There was not a cab to be seen at the Holborn Theatre, and yet announcements appeared in various parts of the building telling people that the boxes, stalls, and dress circle were full. The Princess's and the other theatres which are open were equally well patronised; and our reporter was informed that money had been refused at the Strand.

The weather on Sunday was favourable to pleasure-seekers and pedestrians; and the annoyance caused by the absence of cabs was in consequence abated. A few un-privileged cabs were out during the day, and these were stated to be the property of owners of one "number."

The strike of the cabmen continued through the early part of this week, although both privileged and non-privileged cabs were to be seen plying. The wants of passengers arriving at the various railway stations were fully provided for, but some inconvenience has been experienced by excursionists and other passengers proceeding from the metropolis. The result of the deputation to the Great Western directors has occasioned much dissatisfaction amongst both proprietors and men. On Monday 70 privileged drivers seceded, and it is stated that for a pecuniary consideration nearly 1,000 of them will not attend at any railway station this morning. That the cab-owners are not unanimous in agreeing to the strike was proved by an application which was made at the Clerkenwell police-court. A proprietor waited upon the sitting magistrate, and explained that if he kept his cabs at home for two successive days, he might be summoned and fined. On the other hand, if he sent out a cab it would be turned over, and some of his men, having been warned by experience, declined to risk the chances of an appearance in the streets in their ordinary capacity. The magistrate was unable to assist the applicant: he could only tell him to inform his men that if they were interfered with, the assailants would be punished.

The cab strike was continuing when we went to press, although a considerable number of vehicles were in the streets, but this was simply to evade the penalties of the act of parliament, prohibiting cabs from being kept at home two days in succession. On Tuesday the ranks of the men on strike were recruited by about 300 of the privileged drivers. A deputation waited on Sir R. Mayne to ask whether, under the Hackney Carriage Act, he could not get the railway stations thrown open to the cab trade generally, but the Chief Commissioner declined to interfere.



OTTER HUNTING IN SCOTLAND.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL sent £120 to the peasant who assisted in saving his life whilst out shooting, and has besides granted him a pension for life.

THE Duke of Edinburgh, attended by Lieut.-Colonel Du Plat, arrived in London on Monday from the continent. His royal highness honoured the performances at the Strand Theatre with his presence in the evening.

LORD STANLEY, accompanied by Mr. Sanderson, his private secretary, arrived at the Earl of Derby's residence in St. James's-square on Sunday evening, from Lucerne, where his lordship has been secretary of state in attendance on the Queen.

EARL RUSSELL has become a subscriber to the Leigh Hunt memorial fund. Should the necessary amount be forthcoming the monument will be erected in three or four months from this time.

EARL and Countess Russell, Lady Agatha Russell, the Hon. William and the Hon. Rollo Russell, left the Drummond Arms Hotel, St. Fillans, on the 3rd, after a month's stay. They have gone on a visit to the Duke of Argyll, at Inverary Castle.

SIR JOHN RAMSDEY and the Right Hon. E. Horsman, M.P., have had hitherto but indifferent success at Glenfeshie, near Kingussie, N.B. On Thursday Mr. Horsman stalked two fine deer, one weighing 17 stone, and the other nearly 16 stone.

HER MAJESTY the Queen, with her Royal Highnesses the Princess Louise and Beatrice and Prince Leopold, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the court, is expected to return from Switzerland to Windor Castle on Friday next. The Queen will leave the south for Scotland at the commencement of next week.

LORD NAPIER of Magdala is a present staying at Maudslie Castle, the seat of Mr. James Huzier, where a distinguished party were entertained on Friday. On Saturday Lord Napier was in Hamilton, and on being recognised, was the object of much attention.

ON Saturday their Royal Highnesses the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Princess Mary Adelaide, and Prince Teck visited the Botanic Gardens, specially to view the living cochineal insects lately received. The culture and habits of the insect were explained by Mr. W. Sowerby to the Royal party, who expressed much interest on the subject.

THE Count and Countess Girgenti received the corps diplomatique at the Spanish embassy on the Quai d'Orsay, and gave a grand dinner to the Marquis de Moustier and several foreign ministers. It was announced in the *Moniteur* that they would be at home to receive "all Spanish subjects" who might desire to be presented to them. Such a general invitation argues that the number of loyal Spanish residents in Paris cannot be large.

THE Duke of Sutherland's visit to Abergeldie has necessitated the postponement until the 18th or 19th inst. of the Prince and Princess of Wales's journey north to the family seat of his grace. The annual review of the Sutherlandshire Volunteers comes off on the 24th instant, and it is believed the royal visitors will be there on the occasion, the prince holding the rank of colonel of the regiment, and the duke that of lieutenant-colonel.

BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD has gone to the Gironde to look at his new purchase, the famous Chateau Lafitte, whose vines this year are expected to produce a finer crop, both as regards quality and quantity, than has been known since 1811. The value of the growth of 1868 is estimated at £40,000 sterling. The news of the vintage generally is better than ever. Much depended upon the last few days, and the return of hot weather, coming after the plentiful rains at the end of August, is the very best thing that could have happened.

LORD STANLEY arrived in Paris on Saturday morning from Lucerne. The Marquis de Moustier called upon him at the British Embassy at 2 o'clock. This was a return visit, Lord Stanley having waited on the Marquis de Moustier at the foreign office last month. Lord Lyons invited the Marquis de Moustier to meet Lord Stanley at dinner. The English minister for foreign affairs left for London the next day. It is still said that the Queen will pass through Paris on the 10th, but that instead of going on to Cherbourg without a halt, she will rest a few hours at the embassy.

A DISGRACE TO MAN.—At a special bench, held at Guildford, on Saturday, before Mr. A. Chandler and Mr. D. Macdonald, Frederick Longhurst, labourer, of Blackheath, Womersley, was charged with assaulting James William Upfold, of Chilworth, with intent to disfigure him. Mr. R. Eve, solicitor, of Aldershot, appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. R. E. Geach, of Guildford, for the prisoner. The complainant is the manager of Mr. Sharp's powder-mills at Chilworth, near Guildford. On Saturday, the 29th ult., a cricket match was played between the villages of Blackheath and Chilworth, and the complainant presided at a dinner in connection with the event, which was held at the Volunteer beerhouse at Blackheath. The prisoner was present, and, apparently owing to the complainant some grudge, several times sought a quarrel with him, and challenged him to fight. Some disturbance of the dinner party also occurred, fireworks being thrown into the room, and sand upon the table. By the advice of the landlord the complainant and the company proceeded to another room, where they imagined they should be undisturbed; but the prisoner again made his appearance, seized the complainant by the collar, and, placing a thumb in one of his eyes, attempted to force it from its socket. This diabolical attempt was frustrated by the timely interference of several persons. The prisoner then passed his head in front of the complainant, seized his right ear between his teeth, and began to gnaw it like a wild beast. It is computed that for three minutes he continued the disgusting process, and before he could be made to relax his hold he had completely bitten away the lobe of the ear. On being remonstrated with, he said, "I have bitten a piece of his ear off, and I will cut his throat if I have a chance." The prisoner was committed for trial at the next quarter sessions.

TOWER HAMLETS FLORICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This excellent society held its tenth annual summer exhibition in the grounds of the Eagle Tavern, Mile-end-road, on Monday and Tuesday. The display of flowers far surpasses any previous show in the locality, and the interest working men take in the cultivation of flowers, &c., for window and garden decoration is highly commendable. The fuchsias, trained geraniums, and fine foliage plants are in great variety and splendour. This is the oldest amateur floral society at the east end of London, and every year it adds to its members and improves in the cultivation of flowers, &c., in giving lectures and making converts. Last evening a ball and concert were given which added to the amusement of the numerous visitors. A fine collection of foliage plants for decorations, presented by Mr. Prestoe, of Victoria-park, is a great feature in the exhibition.

THE ALLEGED MURDER AT FOREST-GATE.—On Monday Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner, assumed at the London Hospital the inquiry respecting the death of Henry Hurley, aged twenty-four years, who was alleged to have been murdered by several men, who knocked him down, and brutally kicked him, on the evening of the 24th ult., while he was in the roadway near Forest-gate. The police, acting upon information that they had received, arrested a plasterer named Daniel Stable, and charged him with being one of the men engaged in the commission of the crime. The prisoner, who is a man of about twenty-eight years of age, was brought up to hear the evidence against him. It was of a very conflicting character. The proceedings were again adjourned.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

ON Monday Mr. Bacon, Q.C., the newly-appointed commissioner in bankruptcy, was sworn into office before the Lord Chancellor, but he will not take his seat till the end of the month.

AN alarming occurrence took place on Saturday afternoon at Wakefield, the occasion being the show of the West Riding Agricultural Society. A grand stand thronged with spectators, who were witnessing a brass band contest, fell without warning, and many persons were severely injured.

It is said that the Thames Shipbuilding Company are to be entrusted with the construction of an iron armour-plated cupola ship for the defence of Bombay Harbour. This ship is, out of compliment to Lord Napier and his Abyssinian comrades, to be called the *Magdala*.

THE shooting quail, usually very rare in the West of England, appears to be comparatively plentiful this year. Partridges are abundant, but very strong and wild. The turnip cover is very scant. Nothing could have been more delightful than the opening day of the season.

ON Thursday evening Lord Napier of Magdala passed through Carlisle by the express on his way to Scotland. His lordship was accompanied by Lady Napier; and as soon as it became known that the hero of Magdala was at the station, a number of people congregated to see the gallant general.

FRIDAY and Saturday were appointed by the Relief Committee for the distribution of the sum of £8,000, which was voted by the House of Commons as a remuneration to those persons whose houses and property had been destroyed by the late outrage at Clerkenwell. The claimants who attended and received the amounts awarded to them expressed the utmost satisfaction at the liberal course pursued towards them.

A CORRESPONDENT who wrote to Mr. Bright with reference to the personal payment of rates, sends us the following extract from the hon. gentleman's reply:—"The retention of the payment of rates as a test was the act of the Tory Government; we were all opposed to it. It was not in Mr. Gladstone's Bill of 1866, and he was most strongly opposed to it last year, and denounced it on many occasions."

ON Monday next, the 14th inst., the registrations under the new act will commence, and must be concluded by the 8th of October. On Monday, Middlesex and the City of London will open the proceedings. "Lodgers' claims" in the latter are plentiful—about 700; and in Middlesex "ladies" will claim to be on the register. In Marylebone the ladies will claim "their rights" to appear on the list of voters. Lodgers and ladies will be the great feature in the revision.

By the death of General A. F. Macintosh, colonel of the 93rd Highlanders, the following promotions will take place:—Lieut.-General the Honourable Charles Grey, colonel of the 71st, to be general; Major-General Studholme J. Hodgson, colonel of the 54th, and commanding the troops in Ceylon and the Straits Settlements, to be lieutenant-general; Colonel Henry Pereival de Batho, from the Scots Fusilier Guards, to be major-general; Major Gronow Davis, V.C., Royal Artillery, lieutenant-colonel; and Captain C. O'Donoghue, 76th Regiment, to be major in the army.

NOTWITHSTANDING many confident predictions that when the drought had been broken, there would be no more summer, a great rise in the temperature has taken place within the past few days. At eight o'clock on Saturday morning the thermometer at Leith marked 67 degrees, and in London it stood at 63. Little or no rain is recorded as having fallen in any part of the three kingdoms, the latest return showing very small quantities at two out of the thirty-two stations from which reports are daily forwarded to the meteorological department.

A REMARKABLE case of forgery was investigated at the Mansion House on Saturday. The Indigent Blind Society advertised for a boy, and a lad named Wright, 14 years of age, presented himself, and was engaged. Within three days he forged the names of two members of the house committee to a cheque for £66 on Messrs. Williams and Deacon's bank. This was cashed, chiefly in notes, through the agency of a confederate one year younger than himself. Wright exchanged the notes for gold at the Bank of England, endorsing them with the name of his former master, whose name he had previously forged to a cheque for £42. A remand was granted for the completion of the case against both prisoners.

MR. FOWLER, the engineer of the Metropolitan Railway, has fulfilled the promise made by him to the shareholders at the last meeting. The Western Extension line of the company is now virtually completed. Only a few lengths of permanent way have now to be laid, and some minor details to be carried out at the stations, and the railway will be ready for traffic. The whole is to be completed by the 10th inst., and the Government inspector has appointed to go over the line on Monday, the 14th. He may, of course, recommend a few trifling alterations at different points on the line, but so far as the engineering part of the work is concerned, the railway may be opened for traffic on the 1st of October. This portion of the Metropolitan system leaves the parent line at Praed-street, about midway between Edgware-road and Paddington stations, and joins the Metropolitan district at Gloucester-road, Brompton.—*Railway News*.

IRONWORKERS AND THE QUESTION OF CAPITAL AND LABOUR.—A movement is on foot amongst the ironworkers of the North of England to obtain an advance on the wages they have been receiving for the last year and a half. Following the long strike of 1866 was a great reduction of wages, amounting to 25 or 30 per cent. Even with this advantage in their favour masters have complained down to the present time that they cannot meet foreign competition, and the assertion has been partially borne out by the fact that only very partial employment has been afforded generally in the trade until a short time since. A meeting of delegates was held at Darlington on Saturday. The proceedings were private, but the resolution passed at the meeting has been published, which reveals that an attempt is to be made to obtain an advance of about 10 per cent. on puddling and mill work, and that deputations are to wait on masters to this end. Another meeting is to be held at Gateshead in a fortnight, to receive a report of what is the employers' answer. This attempt, which the Union would wish to make national, is looked upon through out the northern district as most rash and ill advised, and one to which the employers will under no circumstances yield.

ANGLING IN THE THAMES.—Punt fishing in the Thames has been very good of late, and an instance has come to our knowledge where a gentleman at Twickenham in one week took with rod and line 200 pounds of roach, dace, and a few barbel. Surely these facts present an additional reason why the sport and amusement of so many should not be destroyed by a few poachers, who, if allowed to ply their unlawful trade of netting undisturbed, would soon empty the river. If a new act were passed enabling the magistrates to send persons so offending to prison, without the option of paying a fine, the practice would soon be put a stop to, but never will without some such enactment.—*Middlesex Chronicle*.

SCALPING BY INDIANS IN NEW MEXICO.—The following news has been received from Philadelphia:—"The Indians have burnt the wagon train in New Mexico. Sixteen guards were scalped, and their bodies burnt."

GOLD IN SCOTLAND.—A suggest of gold, weighing half an ounce, was found in the South Esk, near Esk, Forfar, a few days ago.—*Mining Gazette*.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

A TELEGRAM from Turin states that the railway over Mont Cenis is now in working order again. The regular service of trains recommenced on Saturday.

THE Prince Royal of Greece was baptized on Thursday last, and received the name of Constantine. The Grand Duke Nicholas and the Grand Duke Constantine were the sponsors.

OUR Paris correspondent says that the heat in Paris on Saturday was almost as great as at any time in July or August, two or three of the very hottest days excepted. The air was, however, more invigorating, and the weather much pleasanter. Chevalier's thermometer marked 30 in the shade.

It is announced that a marriage is arranged between M. Lissagaray, editor of the *Avenir* of Auch, with Mlle. Marie Peyrat, daughter of the director of the *Avenir National* of Paris. The ceremony will take place as soon as the first-named gentleman recovers from the wound which he received in his late duel.

THERE have been great velocipede races at Charenton last week, in which ladies took part. Sixty-five velocipedes were entered. Amongst these not only the baysicles and trysicles which we saw in the Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne this summer, but a newly-invented locomotive with four wheels, which is said to be safer, swifter, and less fatiguing to the rider than any other.

THE *Correspondance Italienne* says that the sanitary condition of the French army of occupation in the Papal States is anything but satisfactory. According to information received in Florence five deaths are occurring daily among the troops. All the corps which are now scattered about the Pontifical provinces are shortly to be concentrated at Civita Vecchia.

THE annual ceremony of crowing the best pumpkin of the season, took place at the Halles on Saturday. The laureat of the year weighs about 325 lbs., and measures more than two yards and a half in circumference. It was grown in the valley of the Loire, near Olivet, and is purchased by a fruiterer of the Chaussee d'Antin for 300fr. There are people who like pumpkin soup.

MOST unexpectedly, M. Rochefort announces that No. 15 of the *Lanterne* was published on Monday in Paris, simultaneously with its publication abroad. It is quite possible that he may have been ingenious enough to have comprised the forthcoming number in such a way as to afford no reasonable pretext for a prosecution, and then, although his readers will probably be disappointed, the government will be in a dilemma. To see the red cover once more in every hand will be annoying enough; but a prosecution that the law officers could not support would be worse. It may be however, and I think it likely that No. 15 will be more audacious than any of its foregoers, and that M. Rochefort has made up his mind to sacrifice a few thousand francs for the sake of bravado.

OUR New York correspondent, writing on the 26th ult., says that the electoral campaign in the United States is growing warmer and warmer, but that the chances of the Democrats visibly decline day by day. Their attacks on Grant's character, which have been of unparalleled scurrility, were the only things they had to rely upon, and these make no impression upon the popular mind. The increasing violence of the Southern orators is greatly helping the Republican cause. Their threats of a renewal of the war should Grant be elected are treated by nobody at the North as serious; but they exasperate people just as much as if they were. One of the Southern orators declares that he will leave the country if Grant is returned, but as he is looked upon as a firebrand of the worst kind the menace only stimulates his opponents to fresh exertion.

SERIOUS MURPHY RIOTS AT MANCHESTER.

MURPHY, the notorious 'scout' or agitator against Roman Catholicism, has already succeeded in defeating the precautions taken by the Manchester magistrates for the preservation of the peace. On Saturday afternoon one of the most serious riots took place in the south-western suburbs of the city which has been known for years, arising out of causes having a religious or political character, and led to the arrest of over thirty of the combatants. At a Murphy meeting while a speaker was addressing the meeting there came up Chorlton-road a formidable phalanx of Irishmen who joined the meeting, and proceeded to distribute themselves around the outer edge of the gathering. Almost immediately after their arrival a collision ensued. Both parties appeared to be provided for such a contingency, and sticks and stones were freely used. The combatants fought with fierce determination for a considerable time. A number of detective policemen in plain clothes had mingled in the meeting, but as there were from 5,000 to 6,000 persons present they could do little to stop the riot, though what they did attempt was vigorously done. Before this scene of lawless violence and tumult had lasted long, however, a large body of city police, which had been held in reserve, was marched upon the ground, and proceeded to make a number of arrests. By that time the commotion had spread along Chorlton-road and Stratford New-road, and a tolerably free fight was extending itself into the rather populous outskirts of the city; and fears began to be entertained of a more serious issue than had been contemplated even by the magistrates. The police, however, acted vigorously, and with good effect. Up to this time Murphy had not arrived; but soon after five o'clock he made his appearance on the wagon, and was vociferously cheered by the meeting, amongst whom were a great number of Orangemen. He addressed the assembly, and his address was of a character to have produced great exasperation had it not been for the presence of such a large and restraining body of police. The Irish were still mainly on the outer borders of the meeting, and frequently shook their fists when Murphy made any allusion to their religion that was particularly objectionable, manifesting a disposition to renew the combat that had been arrested partly by the police and partly out of a feeling excited by his arrival on the ground. When Murphy had concluded, a vote of confidence in him, and adopting him as a fit and proper person to represent the Protestant interest in parliament, was passed. Three cheers were then given for the crown, and three cheers for William Prince of Orange, followed by three groans for Popery. The National Anthem was sung at the close, and Murphy was then carried shoulder high out of the reach of danger. At the corner of Moss-lane he was put into a cab, and driven off rapidly. A great number of broken heads were the result of the fight, and a good deal of blood flowed, but we hear, on good authority, of no one being mortally injured, though popular report speaks of one case of death. No knowledge of any such case had reached the police up to Monday at noon. Several policemen were roughly used, and received contusions. Thirty-one persons are in custody altogether, and are chiefly Irishmen. Mr. Clarke, magistrate, and Captain Palin were on the ground, and about 100 policemen of the D division of the city, under the command of Superintendent Rooking. About 200 of the county constabulary, under Superintendent Bent, also were present, and rendered good service in arresting violence in the streets. A man named Sweeney, and another named Nolan, two of the ringleaders of the Irish, were among those arrested, and also a man who fired a pistol at a body of police whilst they were marching down Chester-road. The shots had happily missed taking effect. The pistol is said to have been aimed deliberately, and the man was arrested immediately after firing, as he was attempting to escape by running. On Sunday afternoon a party of Irishmen made an attempt to renew the violence of the previous day, by attacking groups of people in Chorlton-road. The police prevented any renewal of the fighting, and took eleven persons into custody.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

THE Surrey theatre was opened for what is oddly enough called the winter season on Saturday evening, with a new play from the pen of Mr. Watts Phillips. It is entitled "Land Rats and Water Rats," and declared to be original with the exception of a single incident, that of attempted murder, by laying a human being upon a railway, to be cut to pieces by the first passing train. Common candour compels us to state that the play was received with only qualified applause, a result in a very large measure due to its great length, and the want of clearness in the plot. Of that plot we scarcely feel ourselves in a position to say much, for we found it scarcely possible to follow the varying incidents which make up the drama. The *dramatis personæ* are divided into three groups—characters in the play of "Land Rats," and "Water Rats,"—the whole making thirty-three, a number in itself far too great to manage in one drama. The chief interest turns upon Hetty Calvert (Miss G. Pauncefort), a Covent Garden market girl in the prologue, and a perfect lady, who has her trials, throughout the remainder of the play. Originally the sweetheart of one Dick Mavis, a rejected mechanic (Mr. Creswick—who has played the part of many virtuous and injured mechanics in his time)—this Hetty deserts him for Frank Redmond, a barrister, who wears a moustache, and with whom Hetty's relations remain obscure almost to the last. Dick Mavis goes to the bad, and finally is accused of stealing a purse from one of the villains of the play, Major Ravelstone (Mr. E. F. Edgar), and though no one has seen the robbery, and no prosecutor presents himself, and the character of Dick for honesty is beyond reproach, yet he is sentenced to a term of imprisonment—an incident in itself an example of the hurry and improbability which characterise this play. Indeed, the springs of action and the revolutions of character displayed in the drama are to a serious degree weak and improbable. Frank Redmond, the barrister, is finally reduced to the position of appearing as a swindling gamester, the victim being a friend of the barrister's father, and who accuses the lawyer of swindling before General Redmond, K.C.B., who is Frank's father. The general is about to destroy himself, under the weight of his son's shame, when Dick Mavis, the guardian angel of all the virtue in the piece, unceremoniously rushes in, and wrests the general's pistol from his hand. The scene now more or less changes to Thames Haven, in Essex, to which spot Hetty, in evening dress, goes to save her husband at a spot called the Sluice House. The scene, therefore, changes to a railway station, the master of which says "Good-night" to Ravelstone, one of the villains, and goes home to bed observing that the mail will pass in about half-an-hour. Dick Mavis now appears, is apparently stabbed (he has already been flung into the Thames), and is thrown into a room. Hetty now appears, still in evening dress, is seized by villains, who might readily kill her, but who take the trouble to rope and lay the lady on the line. Dick Mavis now revives, sees Hetty's danger, and both call loudly for help. Apparently no one is near at hand, yet when Dick has burst open the door and has reasoned Hetty from her danger, all the villains are rushed on, held by impromptu policemen, the stage fills, and the curtain falls upon this climax. The play is no doubt a hurried production. The scenery, which is solid and good, if not specimens of Messrs. T. and W. Grime and Calcott's best work, suggests that it was painted to suit a rendering of the French work now being played as "After Dark" at the Princess's, and that circumstances resulted in the demand for a change in the play. We have the bridge scene and the railway incident exactly as in Mr. Boucicault's piece. In both works there is an evident desire to "realize" the stage. It is remarkable how in both reality is absent. In "After Dark" we have new Blackfriars-bridge as a sort of thieves' lodging-house, while the cellar of a public-house in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket opens upon the Underground Railway, which is really a mile and more distant from the spot. In "Land Rats and Water Rats" we have old Blackfriars by night, with masses of ice floating down the Thames, while next morning at British the landscape represents smiling, flowering May, and a railway station which the station-master abandons apparently for no purpose whatever beyond giving one of the villains of the play room for action. Of the acting very little can be said. Mr. Creswick plays respectably a perfectly characterless role, such as he has filled by the score. Mr. Sheppard indulges once more in his eager villain, and Mr. Edgar acts the gentlemanly rascal. Miss Pauncefort appears to more ladylike advantage than we have yet seen her. Not one of the remaining characters is of sufficient importance to give the actor a chance of making a point. The new comedian at that house, Mr. Mat Robson (no relative to the late great actor of that name), cannot be pronounced upon from seeing his work in this drama. He has positively nothing to do. Towards the end of the play some signs of weariness were expressed by the audience, but the final tableau, the really well-modelled and effective engine and train, elicited much applause from the pit and gallery. Reduced in length, and the contradiction and confusion with which the piece abounds cleared away, "Land Rats and Water Rats" may succeed for a time, but we doubt if it will ultimately be found to result in lasting success.

"BLOW FOR BLOW" AT THE HOLBORN THEATRE

THE play by Mr. H. J. Byron, produced at the Holborn Theatre on Saturday night, is so very much superior to anything that gentleman has yet written that the highest praise which can be bestowed upon him is to doubt if it is entirely his own. The advance of "Blow for Blow" upon its author's other piece, is simply immense. The "Lancashire Lass" is mere apprentice work in comparison with it. Like Mr. Halliday, and one or two other stage writers who have begun with burlesque and risen above it, Mr. Byron is unlike them in the rapidity with which he has improved. And another satisfactory observation may be directed to remarking how well played is this drama. If there is exaggeration to be found, it lies not with the unknown comedians who appear in it, but with the old staggers—Mr. Honey and Mr. Parselle. The tale of "Blow for Blow" may be told in a few words. John Drummond (Mr. J. C. Cowper), a self-torturing man, loves successively twin sisters, Mildred and Alice Petherick. Despised by Alice, his harsh nature manoeuvres her into a miserable marriage. Endeavouring to make good his desire to marry Mildred, he betrays her lover, Lieutenant Linden (Mr. Henry Haynes), who overhears the slander, and comes the man, who determining upon a vengeance, is mainly instrumental in sending the father of the young ladies to gaol as a forger. This is his first return blow. Five years pass, and the second act rises upon Alice, now a widow, starving in a London garret. The lieutenant has married Mildred, has become a widower, succeeded to his father's baronetcy, and is married to a daughter of a county magnate. And now Drummond, acting upon Alice's love for her sister Mildred, induces her to believe Sir Henry ill-used the sister, broke her heart, in fact; and as the circumstances of her death were only told the husband, away at sea when she died, Alice, actuated by the desire for revenge, plays the part of her twin sister, and breaks up the baronet's happy home. That the play is finished by Alice's repentance and confession is evident.

The acting throughout this comedy is nearer uniformly good than that of any piece we can call to mind. Mr. Lunt, who plays the lawyer, father to the twin sisters, is a self-sustained actor, while Mr. J. C. Cowper, an artist comparatively new to London, shows that he has joined the swelling ranks of the new school of quietly intense actors. Of Mr. Haynes, who plays the leading young man of the piece, the baronet, it may be said that if he lacks

polish, he is equally free from rant. Miss E. Westersby at once proves herself a very capital soubrette, capable of little or no point-making. Indeed, the only "fummessing," if we may use that fragment of German slang, is to be found with Mr. Honey and Mr. Parselle—both admirable, yet the one and the other given to over-acting. Miss Jane Rigold, the second wife of Sir Harry, evidently belongs to the Lady Gay Spanker school of comedy. Very young and exuberant, we believe firmly she will become far more than an ordinary actress. Even an accidental lodging-house keeper, played by Miss Sallie Turner, is excellently studied and played. In fact we have nothing but praise for piece and acting, if we except the final tableau, where two men fling a third from a parapet, in the presence of ladies, when, all, less the disposed-of man, talk of their own affairs without the least reference to the person who has by that time been picked up in the street. This catastrophe, is weak, foolish, and not harmonious with the remainder of the drama.

THE GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—This triennial music-meeting, the antecedents and immediate preliminaries of which have already been recorded in the *Daily News*, commenced on Tuesday with Haydn's "Creation." The solos were assigned to Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Swinton-Dolby, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, on whose efficiency it is quite unnecessary to comment. The total collections amounted to £167 10s.

THE little theatre in the Roseville Gardens is, no doubt, a strange place in which to find a new and somewhat original farce. But this is the case with "To be Continued," a little work by Mr. Sorrell, whose wife, known upon the stage as Miss Augusta Thompson, plays in the piece. The lady has been singing here in opera. "To be Continued" turns upon the romanticism of a servant girl, who, applying the plot of her penny novels to a couple of quiet families, sets them all by the ears. Finally, half cranky, she supposes herself Ophelia, and, instead of flowers, distributes penny journals to the lookers-on. "Here's the 'London Journal' for you; and for you, the 'Family Herald.' Keep them dry." Finally, coming to her domestic senses, she tells the reconciled families that her performance was too long for explanation, and that they are—"To be Continued" is our next.

ADAM MENKEN'S SUCCESSOR.—Miss Sarah Dowe, Miss Menken's successor in the "Pirates of the Savannah" (an American, as her predecessor), has taken with the Parisian public tolerably well, but not sufficiently to make the French forget the actress who, it is discovered, was placed by her critics during her life upon too low a social scale.

HERB FORMES, the basso profundo, who, many years since, was one of the strongest pillars which supported the Royal Italian Opera, when that house rose out of the wreck of the old opera in the Haymarket, is now in London. The last that was heard of the great German basso ran to the effect that he was the *entrepreneur* of an opera-house in New Orleans. Now we hear that he is in London, with the intention of appearing upon the English stage in Shakespeare's mother tongue, and that he will play King Lear, Macbeth, and several other of the great tragedy roles. We wish him success, but the undertaking is a grave one.

THE promenade concerts at the Agricultural Hall are under the management of Mr. Goffrie, the violinist, and are to be commenced on September 16th. The orchestra will be in a great measure composed of the Italian Opera band.

THE tragedy of "Don Alarcos," which had been played for the last time "previous to the meeting of Parliament," will be again produced previously to the elections. Mr. Disraeli has not yet assented to a representation of his play. Should a change of Ministry take place, "Don Alarcos" will probably be replaced by "Don Carlos," the early work of Lord Russell, the lessee of Astley's having been fortunate enough, long since, to secure Lord Russell's permission to produce that play, which will fairly bear comparison with "Don Alarcos."

ARNDT, to nothing, a tale bearing upon the enthusiasm of that popular conductor or Arndt, is once again going the round of the musical coteries. Our great English baritone Santley, after a very successful series of appearances, had appeared for the last time, and the last echoes of the "Stirrup Cup" had died away, when, as the bowing singer was quitting the stage, Arndt produced an impromptu laurel wreath from under his desk, and crowned the singer—only, proper measures not having been taken, the wreath was too large, lopped over the unfortunate singer's left eye, and indeed gave him a strange air. The effect which, properly managed, might have suggested a triumphant Apollo, resulted in something very much like Bacchus late in the day—on very late in the day. The artists tugged, but the result was not happy, and finally the poor gentleman went off with his honourable wreath round his neck, for all the world like a decorated dog-collar.

ENGLISH instrumentalists are complaining strongly of the steady fall in the scale of their remuneration, and which has now continued through several years. The musical profession may well be in some alarm when they hear that an offer of as little as thirty shillings a week has been made to a first-class double-bass player to take a desk in the orchestra of a leading theatre.

AT the Gymnase they are playing a piece called "Fanny Lear," a sort of dramatic outgrowth from a French study of "King Lear."

THE Italian opera in Paris, which has been, by the way, thoroughly repainted and gilded, to compete with the new French opera house, opens very shortly. Adelina Patti is the prima donna most absolute. Mademoiselle de Murska, who has been accepted in London, makes her first appearance at the Paris Italian Opera next month. Much operatic excitement exists with regard to a Miss Minnie Hauck, a prima donna from the New York Academy of Music (it is astonishing the number of good singers who come to Europe from America), and whose antecedents, albeit quite unknown here in England, are of the highest. A Mademoiselle Ricci, celebrated in Italy, and daughter and niece of the composer Ricci, the writer of "Crispino e la Comare," will also make her first appearance at the Italiens during the coming winter. Tamberlic, whose name has far too long been out of the London opera bills, returns to Paris in December. The baritone Delle Sedie, who unaccountably has never taken here in London, leads at the Italiens. The list of tenors is quite formidable, but no new name is to be noted. The conductor is one Skoczdepole, a Polish musician.

Mlle. SILLY, the Parisian rival of Mme. Schneider, fell senseless on the stage when playing a few nights since. She was unable to continue her performance.

OFFENBACH is about to produce a new piece at the Bouffes-Parisiens.

IT is significant of the management which prevails in the French army, that Theresa was to have been the leading attraction in the camp theatre at Chalons.

ALL the world has heard how Garcia, the great singer, being arrested by Spanish brigands, saved his money and his life by his voice. Here is a pendant to that history. A dramatic author was robbed of a purse containing a sum of money belonging to his wards. An application to the police resulted in the return of the purse. It had been stolen by a young thief, who, finding it belonged to the author of a play he, the thief, had much admired, forwarded the stolen harvest, with his compliments, to the nearest police station.

THE opening of the season at the Odéon, one of the great dramatic events of the year in Paris, has taken place. A new play was produced by Marc Bayeux, a writer who as a novelist has been distinguished by the hardness of his writing. The play was his first dramatic work. Much approved to the end of the second act, the remaining acts were very badly received, and the work failed. The

plot, though infringing upon adultery, as do most French plays, appears to be distinguished by novelty. A Catholic nobleman, leaving France, confides his wife to the care of an honest Huguenot, a young man. The wife leads a fearful life, yet cannot dazzle the Huguenot, albeit she knows he loves her. The husband returning, mistakes the Huguenot for another man and kills him in a duel. The wife now reveals all, and the husband destroys himself. It is said that as a literary work this play is admirable.

THE "Premier jour de Bonheur," Auber's last opera, or last but one, is to be revived at the Opera Comique next week.

DEJAZET is at last about to quit the stage. She has been playing frequently of late for the benefit of orphans and widows. She performed frequently before the first Napoleon, and indeed may live to see out the third.

Mdlle. NILSSON, as Ophelia, has been making the Parisians angry. She played the part at first in pale blue satin, and her hair over her shoulders. Now she dresses her hair in locks, and appears in white satin. The Parisians find that Mdlle. Nilsson is, therefore, lacking in style.

WE condemn ourselves here, in London, for our neglect of Shakespeare, but they are almost as bad in Paris in relation to Molière. A play of that great writer has just been produced, "Les Facheux," which has not been given for thirty years.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S drama "No Thoroughfare," in its French shape, has reached its hundredth representation. The receipts of the house have recently, and in the most sudden manner, been doubled.

SCENE IN A NEW YORK THEATRE.—During the performance of "Foul Play" at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on August 25, six sheriffs' officers came on the stage after the second act to arrest Mr. Harkins, one of the actors, against whom a warrant of arrest had been granted in the morning by Judge Barnard, at the suit of Mr. Lloyd, the lessee of the theatre. Mr. Harkins escaped out of the theatre through the orchestra. It does not appear that any violent resistance was offered to the officers of the law; but before the curtain rose for the third act, several shots were heard. Two persons fell—Stephen Wilson, an old nightman, and a boy named Chamberlain. The boy was reported to be in a dying state, and Wilson was dangerously wounded. The play went on as if nothing had occurred, Mr. Little performing the part that Harkins was to have played.

MR. EDWARD ARMITAGE.

THIS well-known artist was born in London in 1815, and entered the Painter's Academy in 1837. Two years afterwards he was selected to assist M. Delaroche in the large fresco which adorns the hall of the School of Fine Arts in Paris. In 1842, he produced his "Prometheus Bound," and in 1848, the cartoon of "The Landing of Julius Caesar in Britain," which gained one of the Westminster Hall prizes of £300. He gained another prize at the competition for the cartoons for the House of Lords. His subject was "The Spirit of Religion." He also obtained a £500 prize for his "Battle of Meance." During the Russian War he visited the Crimea, and was an eye-witness of many incidents in that campaign. On his return he painted two large pieces—"Inkerman," and the "Cavalry Charge at Balaclava." Every figure in these pictures are portraits. Another very large picture is his "Retribution," which forcibly tells the tale of the Indian Mutiny—Britannia is seen killing the jungle tiger. An engraving of the work appeared in this paper some time since.

OTTER HUNTING.

THE sport of otter hunting—an engraving of which we give on our front page—was once popular in the metropolitan and the south of England rivers. Now, however, it is principally confined to the midland, western, and northern counties, and to the lowlands and highlands of Scotland. The mode of hunting the otter is as follows:—The huntsmen assemble on each side of a river or stream, where an otter is supposed to harbour. His haunt is discovered by what is called his "seal," that is, his footprints in the mud on the banks of the stream. Every hunter is provided with a spear to assist the dogs and to attack the animal when it appears on the surface. The otter when wounded bites violently, and if in the water makes towards land. The male otter never utters a cry, but the pregnant female utters a shrill scream. When an otter fastens on a dog in the water, it dives down and will seldom quit its hold of the animal until it is drowned. Otter dogs are a breed between the harrier and terrier. The weight of a full-grown jack otter is from twenty to twenty-four pounds. He is a terrible enemy to salmon, trout, and in fact to all fish.

THE WRITINGS OF NAPOLEON III. PROHIBITED IN FRANCE.—The *Indépendance Belge* publishes the following letter from M. Henri Rochefort:—"I had prepared for circulation in Paris on Saturday, Sept. 5, a number of the *Lanterne*, wholly and solely composed from the first to the last line of extracts from the political works of Prince Louis Napoleon, now Napoleon III. This number appeared so revolutionary to the many printers whom I asked to print it, that not one of them would dare to run the risk of doing so. The fifteenth number will, therefore, like the fourteenth, be published abroad."

A KIDNAPPING STORY.—A strange story comes from Chicago, of a systematic kidnapping of children there. It is said to have been discovered that they are seized, and driven away to a great distance, where they are kept gagged in a house surrounded by high-walled grounds. A Chicago paper suggests that the children are wanted as subjects for dissection. A New York paper hints that there may be a view to rewards likely to be offered, and also that the story may be exaggerated.

WREXHAM, MOLD, AND CONNAH'S QUAY RAILWAY.—A scheme has been prepared by the directors, in compliance with a resolution, and in consultation with some of the largest debenture-holders, shareholders, and creditors of the company. The main features are—1. To raise by debenture stock, in priority to the existing debentures, a sum not exceeding £50,000, for putting the line into good working order, providing further accommodation for traffic, additional rolling stock, and for payment of land debts, and a debt due to the railway clearing-house. 2. To convert the existing debentures into debenture stock at a reduced rate of interest for three years, pending the development of the traffic, and afterwards at the existing rate. 3. To create a first preferential capital for payment of all other debts of the company.

TOTAL WRECK OF THE BREMENIS.—Intelligence has been received in Liverpool of the total wreck of the East India trader Bremen, off the Island of Ascension, on the 12th ultimo, by which cargo to the extent of £120,000 was lost. The Bremen left Bombay for Liverpool on the 29th May, with a large and valuable cargo, consisting of 6,181 bales of cotton, and a quantity of myrabolans, coir yarn, seeds, &c. The cause leading to the wreck are up to the present time unknown, but it is supposed that the ship had approached Ascension for the purpose of procuring water, and that she had drifted ashore, and became a total wreck. No lives are reported to be lost.

ACCIDENT TO THE MAIL STEAMER MASSILIA.—(SOUTHAMPTON.)—The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Massilia, in coming up the river on Saturday, in a dense fog, went ashore on a mudbank off Cadlands, three miles inside Calshot Castle. The Massilia went ashore at high water, and steamers were sent to receive her cargo. After discharging 1,800 bales raw silk and the greater portion of the other cargo, hawseers were made fast to the steam tugs Phoenix, Aid, and steamer Medina and Alliance. At first it was doubtful if these efforts would be successful, but ultimately, and at high tide, the Massilia gradually came off, and was towed into the docks. It is not thought she has sustained any damage whatever.

SPANISH PIRACY.

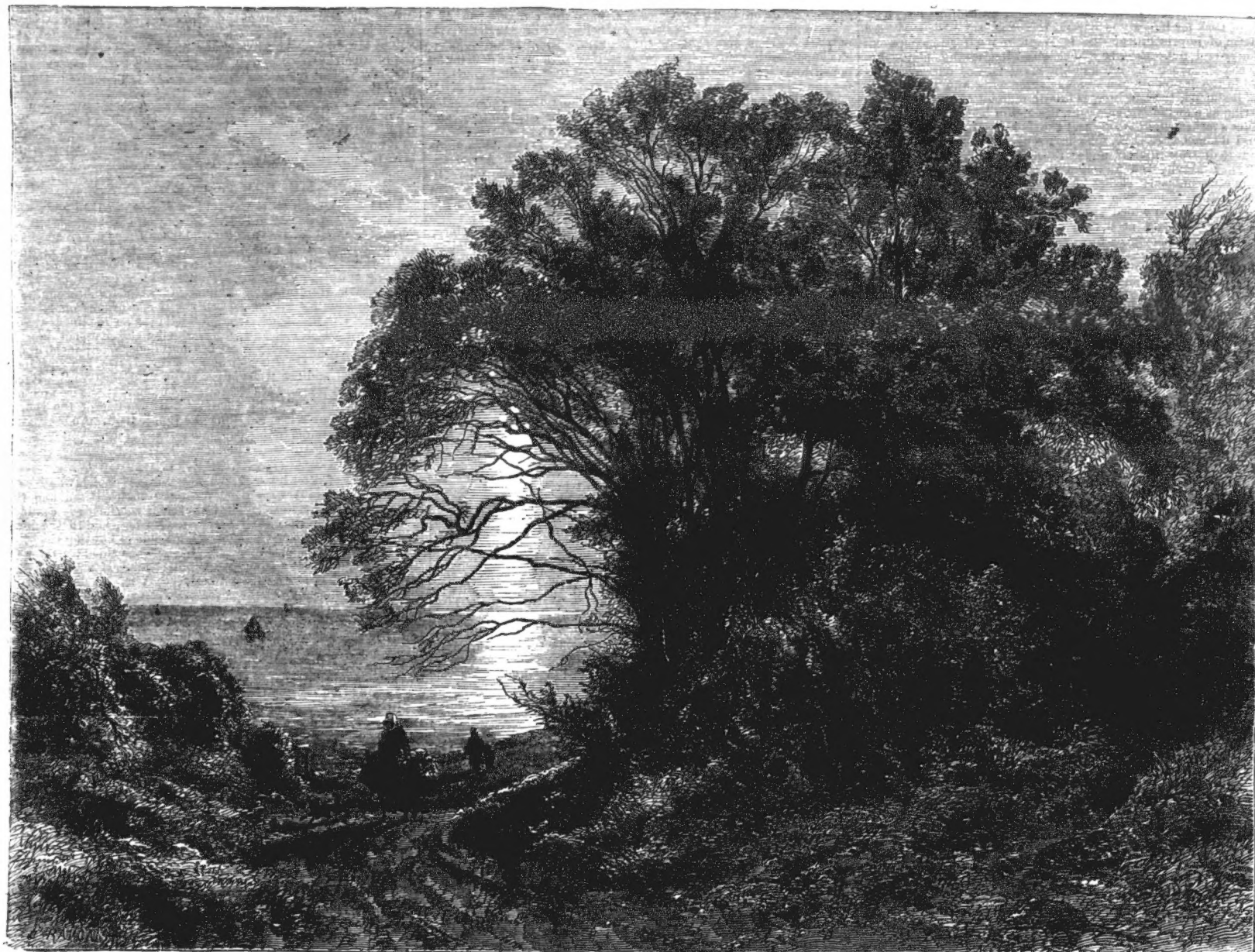
A strange occurrence has been reported this morning by a British schooner, the *Marie Stuart*, of Fowey, which has just arrived from Gironde. The act savours somewhat of piracy on the high seas. It seems, according to the statement of the mate and crew (four in number) of the above-mentioned vessel, that when some twenty or thirty miles westward of Cartagena last Wednesday week, two boats were observed approaching the schooner. On coming alongside, the crews of these boats, fourteen men and a boy, boarded the schooner, and said they wished to exchange fruit for the sulphur which formed part of the schooner's cargo. The captain of the British vessel was ill in his cabin; and the mate, who was in charge, refused to exchange, saying he did not want any fruit. Upon this the Spaniards declared that they would have the sulphur, and took upon themselves to open the hatches. The mate interposed, and insisted upon replacing the hatches, and seeing a vessel in sight hoisted the British ensign. The Spaniards, however, by force succeeded in hauling down the ensign, and in so doing tore it. After this they proceeded to plunder the ship. They took possession among other articles of some work, a pigeon, a pair of trousers belonging to the mate, some matches, and two shirts from one of the crew. The mate and crew being outnumbered were in fear of their lives, and could make no resistance. Moreover, the mate was eventually compelled to surrender a little sulphur, in order to satisfy the thieves. The Spaniards remained on board the schooner about three hours, and soon after eight a.m. left. They again returned later in the day, but by this time the crew of the schooner had been able to make preparations for their reception. There were two

A LADY PATIENT AT AIX.

A CORRESPONDENT at Aix-les-Bains, Savoy, writes:—"Let me describe the health-seeking proceedings of a patient at Aix for one day. I will take a lady. (By the way, you go there for rheumatism and gout, diseases of the skin, throat, indigestion—every description of malady, as far as I can make out by the "Indicateur.") Well, at 5 o'clock in the morning a servant knocks at the door; the lady is already supposed to be in her morning robes. Two men put the patient into a sort of sedan chair, which is a seat surmounted by a canvas roof and screening curtains. The lady finds herself suddenly shrouded in this yellow and red-striped drapery, like an Eastern princess on her travels. You are taken off by the official porters downstairs, through the streets until you get to the watering establishment, a large building most elaborately constructed for every conceivable description of bath, *douche*, and vapour application. Screened and hidden from the world in your palanquin, the careful porters place you in a chamber, where appear two females in short blouses, with all the other parts of the form nude, and looking red and brown from the continual action of the water. The patient enters a second vaulted chamber introduced by the *douche* women referred to, precisely in the condition, as regards toilette, as your first female parent took her bath. Here the lady is placed in a chair; above and about are mysterious pipes and receptacles for water, and ropes, and indiarubber tubes with metal-pierced mouth; syringes, queer-looking pumps, and on a shelf holding some bottles containing restoratives. All these media for squirting keep up a peculiar conversation of their own—hissing, faint-whistling, dribbling sounds, originating in an intense anxiety on the part of the water to be let off. The bathing women, accord-

PASTORAL AID AND POLITICS.

THE Rev. Philip Hains, incumbent of St. George's, Wigan, last week delivered a lecture at Accrington in support of Mr. Gladstone's proposal to disestablish the Irish Church. At the commencement of his address he said that it must be taken into consideration that the clergymen of the Church of England were under a variety of influences, and some of these influences were so strong that it was almost impossible—at any rate most hazardous—to be outspoken on this subject (the Irish Church), and to give their adherence to Mr. Gladstone. He would give them an instance of what he meant. He was acquainted with a clergyman, and knew him well, the minister of a large parish—a parish containing 13,000 souls. He had a grant given to him by the Pastoral Aid Society for the maintenance of a curate. He had not taken a prominent position on the Irish Church question, but had written five or six letters to the newspapers, and made a couple of speeches during the last few months in favour of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions. The results was that some kind friend in the neighbourhood had sent them to the head-quarters in London, and the gentleman in question had received a communication to the effect that the grant of the Pastoral Aid Society was not given to men who were occupying prominent positions in the political world. He replied that it was not because he had taken a prominent position in the political world, but because he had spoken in favour of Mr. Gladstone that opposition was made to him, and had he spoken against Mr. Gladstone no one would have spoken against him. But they replied that according to his own showing he was occupying a position he ought not to occupy, and they trusted there would be no necessity for writing to him again on the subject; in



SUNSET ACROSS THE WATERS.

old rusty guns on board which were fished out by the mate and loaded. On the arrival of the Spanish boats within hailing distance, the mate ran up the English ensign and said he would fire on them if they tried to board again. On seeing that the crew of the schooner were ready to receive them, the pirates turned and made off as rapidly as they could. The whole of the above statement is corroborated by the depositions made at the post-office by the mate and crew of the *Marie Stuart*. If English shipping is to be thus harassed within a few miles of the coast of a foreign power, it is time to ask that they should be afforded some protection by cruisers of our own.—*Gibraltar Chronicle*.

NO MORE PILLS OR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.—Health by Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica Food, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion, cough, asthma, consumption, debility, constipation, diarrhoea, palpitation, nervous, bilious, liver, and stomach complaints. Cure No. 68,413.—"Rome, July 21, 1866. The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Du Barry's Food, and his holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly."—*Gazette*. Du Barry and Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London, W. In tins, at 1s. 1d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 12lbs., 22s.; 24lbs., 40s. [ADVT.]

"LUXURIANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR."—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer or Dressing never fails to quickly restore grey or faded hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large bottles, price six shillings. Sold by chemists and perfumers.—Depôt, 266, High Holborn, London.—[ADVT.]

ing to the orders of the medical man, manipulate the effete limb or toe, whilst the *douche* is simultaneously applied, hot or cold, or both. After about 15 minutes of the furious rain and kneading, the patient is wrapped up in blankets without dressing, and again put into the sedan chair, well screened, then carried to the hotel, and by the porters in this state put into bed. The half-muffled respiratory organs and enveloped body soon cause the patient to perspire, and this is certainly a proved remedy for rheumatic affections such as originate in accident, and are not constitutional. The maid ere long unrobes her mistress mummy, dresses her in a very fashionable costume, it may be, and she goes down to a breakfast off fish, flesh, fowl, and fruits at 10 o'clock, meeting a hundred other fashionable bathers, who have all that morning been bathing or steaming, or under the pleasing sensation of fierce attacks from snaky tubes.

EXTENSIVE FIRE AT THE WEST-END.—On Sunday morning about 2 o'clock, a fire, attended with great loss of property, broke out in a three-story pile of premises in Mortimer-street, at the corner of Wells-street, Oxford street. The lower floors were occupied by Messrs. Fairchild, Mumford, and Bishop, builders; the first-floor by Mr. Lamb, a gold and silver chaser; and the top floors by Mr. Durely, a cabinetmaker. Adjoining these premises was a lofty dwelling-house, each floor of which was occupied by lodgers. Owing to the large quantity of inflammable articles in the different workshops the flames for a long time appeared to defy the exertions of the firemen who were soon in attendance; by five o'clock, however, the fire was extinguished, but not until the whole of the workshops before alluded to were totally destroyed, the contents including the men's working tools were consumed, and the back rooms of the private dwelling house partially destroyed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

other words giving him a hint of by no means an obscure character, that if he adhered to Mr. Gladstone's policy the grant would be withdrawn from his curate. (Hear, hear.) The curate was a most excellent man with no political opinions, married, and had four children, with a grant of £100 a year from the society, which was to be withdrawn from him because his incumbent was taking a prominent part in politics. (Shame.) Now the clergyman was placed in a dilemma. However, he decided that truth and rectitude with him should guide his actions, that he would leave consequences in the hands of God, and the response of the clergyman to that last threatening was, that he then stood before them on that platform. (Great cheering.)

THE RAINFALL AND THE HARVEST.—The comparison of the corn yields and a rainfall of the last 10 years shows that in the driest summers the Yorkshire harvest has always been the best. Up to and including the 31st ult. the rainfall registered at Malton was only 12.38in., or for the eight months less than one-half the average annual fall, yet the corn crops never were better, wheat and barley especially. The ten years' retrospect during the first eight months of each year give these results:—In 1859, with 14.44in. of rain, the harvest was productive; in 1860, with 23.08in. of rain, the harvest was very bad; in 1861, with 14.75in., the harvest was good; in 1862, with 18.24in. (wet May, June and July), the harvest was again very bad; in 1863, with 16.53in., of which 5.5in. fell in August, the harvest was the most productive of years; in 1864, with 12.71in., a very similar year to the present, harvest was very good, except oats, which were affected by drought; in 1865, with 14.09in., harvest under average, owing to rust in August; in 1866, with 19.29in. (the year of floods), the harvest was bad in quality and yield; in 1867, with 21.33in., the harvest was deficient; and this year, with 12.38in., it is excellent.

THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.

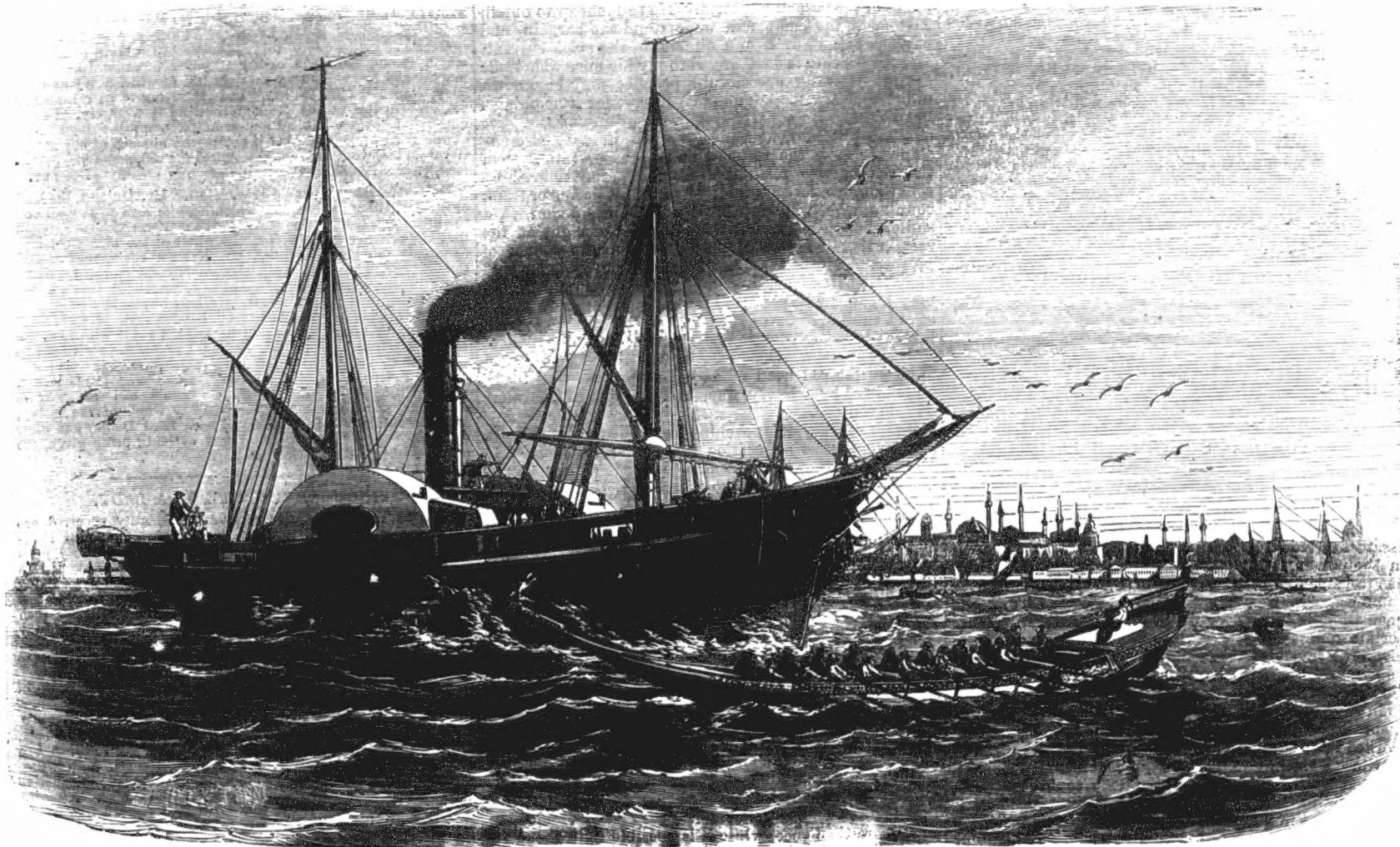
THEIR doors are open to the wealthiest of the community and the poorest, even to the beggars. Go into any Scottish family in the country, a shepherd's, or a gardener's, or a village shoemaker's, and the chances are that some member of the family has had a university education. In Aberdeenshire it is stated that the greater number of small tenant farmers are Masters of Arts, and not a few of their labourers may have been in the same classroom at college with them. Anecdotes without number might be related about the class of young men who attend these Scottish Universities, the hardships which they undergo in the prosecution of their studies, and the sacrifices made by their parents in the hopes that, like the father and mother of Dominie Sampson, they may live to see their son "wag his head in the pulpit." The session at the Scottish Universities lasts only during the winter months, twenty-four weeks in all, when the poorer class of students can do but little work at home, and those who are desirous of graduating generally manage to earn during the summer sufficient money to keep them at college in winter. Many of them teach in country schools during the vacation. A shepherd's son called on the assistant-commissioners in the recent inquiry, and told them of his circumstances. His father had £20 a year of wages, in the West Highlands, besides his house, cow's grass, and croft. He had sent his son to the parochial school in his native parish, where he had done well, and from thence by dint of great sacrifice to the high school at Inverness, from whence he had gone to the Edinburgh University. He spent the winter session at college, lodging in a garret with another student at 3s. 6d. per week. His whole expenses for the winter, including his college

NAPOLEON'S COUP-D'ETAT.

WHEN a column of troops ordered to put down the insurgents in the Var reached Salernes, there were eighty prisoners chained in the rear. At Salernes the officer in command resolved to execute a prisoner, a weaver, named Giraud, and also another man from Vernon, called Antoine, N—, who seems to have been selected for death for no better reason than that he was accidentally coupled with Giraud. The column marched on towards Lorgues, leaving these two prisoners behind at the mayoralty. Shortly afterwards they were brought out into the high road near the Saint Clair chapel. A gendarme belonging to the Luc brigade had received orders to shoot them both with his own hand. This gendarme knew Giraud intimately. He came up to him pistol in hand, and said, "Giraud, you will forgive what I am obliged to do; but I am a soldier, and must obey orders." Giraud replied, "I do forgive you; but make haste, and let me not suffer." They exchanged a few more words, and even kissed each other. The gendarme then put the muzzle of the pistol to Giraud's ear, and pulled the trigger. Giraud fell. A second later his companion, Antoine N—, was shot, and fell also. The gendarme and the men under his orders then got on horseback and galloped after the column. It turned out that neither of the men left for dead was mortally injured. Giraud, who was wounded in the back of the neck, had strength enough to get back on foot to Luc, where his wife secretly nursed him, while publicly she went into mourning, and said masses for his soul. As soon as he recovered he took refuge in Piedmont, and the part which he took in the insurrection was so insignificant that at the end of a year he came back without question under an amnesty. Antoine N— also

M'CARTHY'S "CON AMORE" BOHEMIANISM.

IT is very easy to say that some counteraction is needed to the conventional respectability, the dull hypocritical pretence, the meek virtues and real meannesses, of well-to-do society; but Bohemianism is just as much a conventionality as the most decorous observances of the staidest family, and quite as mischievous a conventionality too. To represent it as a return to nature—as the protest of man against society—is to forget all the facts of the case. Nature does not get drunk, and smoke endless cigars, and confine itself to Fleet-street or the Quartier Latin by day, and haunt Cremorne or the Mabilles by night, and forget its relatives except when money is wanted, and die prematurely of despair, and a diseased liver. Not Nature, but the town, is the Bohemian's ideal. He satisfies his natural appetites in the most artificial way he can find, and creates a little circle of conventionalism around him which is just as hollow, and pretentious, and insincere as the larger circle lying beyond under the soporific sway of Mrs. Grundy. In fact, if the Bohemian has any serious intention of opposing Mrs. Grundy (which may be doubted), he goes the wrong way to work; for conventional respectability is really reinforced by every demonstration of conventional blackguardism. Disguise it in fine words as we may, the creed of the Bohemian is simple selfishness—a deliberate abandonment of duty, and devotion to pleasure as the only good. We believe that Mr. M'CCarthy would readily agree to all this; yet a certain artistic sympathy with the bright and genial side of literary vagabondage induces him to make too many allowances for what is nothing better than a vulgar assumption. Henri Murger, when dying, said to M. Edmond About, "Bohemia is not an institution, but a malady, and I am



THE SULTAN'S BARGE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

fees, amounted to £22, and he earned the greater part of this by teaching a school in a remote part of the Highlands. But there are not schools for all to teach, and some are compelled to have recourse to less intellectual if not less honourable callings during the summer months. Some of the less wealthy students are not unwilling to act as golf club carriers or professional golfers on the links at St. Andrews, and it is related that a learned professor in one of the universities recognised with interest a distinguished student discharging the duties of "gillie" on a Perthshire moor, and earning from the professor his fees for the next session's Greek classes.—*Fraser's Magazine* for September.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND THE TAILORS.—President Johnson received delegates from the International Tailors' Union Convention on the 12th of August at the White House. About 50 delegates were present. In addressing them the President said:—"We should not be ashamed of our profession, whether tailors, shoemakers, or blacksmiths, or of any profession in the mechanical line. Labour should be elevated into an aristocracy, and if all mechanics and labourers will pursue the right course the time will come when we will create an aristocracy of labour. An aristocracy of labour would produce merit, morals, virtue, and intelligence. That is the kind of aristocracy I am in favour of. It is not the profession of the man, but his associations that degrade him. Let us endeavour to elevate ourselves and we elevate our professions. It is worth that makes the man. Let us rely upon our own worth and merit of success. The most pleasant hours of my life were those I spent in my tailor shop. I am proud of it. I was not only a mechanic, but had the reputation of being a good one. I do not wish to be facetious, but as there has been a good deal said about the President being a tailor, I will only go back to the Scripture, which says Adam was a tailor, and was the first to take a stitch or make a suit of clothes, and surely if Adam was a tailor I do not consider myself, as President, degraded to have been one. I have only spoken in a friendly way, and I thank all present for the compliment you have paid me. I have the gratification of saying that, notwithstanding my early calling, when I, too, worked as a tailor, I have not become giddy or proud in the position I now hold as President. Once more I thank you, gentlemen, for the honour of this visit."—*New York Times*.

GREY or faded hair restored to the original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

recovered, but was stone deaf for the rest of his life, and he died some years ago. Giraud is now a baker at Arcs, and it is from his lips that the historian learned the above particulars.

THE PLANET MARS.—It appears, then, from the searching scrutiny of the spectroscope, that the planet has an atmosphere and that that atmosphere most probably resembles our own in general constitution. Combining this evidence with that which we already possess of the presence of water in its liquid, vaporous, and solid states, upon the surface, and with the certainty that the red tint of parts of the planet is due to a real ruddiness of substance (corresponding to the tint of certain soils upon our own earth), we cannot but recognise the extreme probability that in all essential habits the planet Mars resembles our own earth. One circumstance may at first excite surprise; the fact, namely, that in a planet so much farther from the sun than our earth, there should exist so close a resemblance, as respects climatic relations. But if we consider the results of Tyndall's researches on the radiation of heat, and remember that a very moderate increase in the quantity of certain vapours present in our atmosphere would suffice to render the climate of the earth intolerable through excess of heat (just as glass walls cause a hot-house to be as an oven long after the sun has set), we shall not fail to see that Mars may readily be compensated by a corresponding arrangement for his increased distance from the vivifying centre of the solar system.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

FIRES AND PROBABLE LOSS OF LIFE.—On Monday night, about 8 o'clock, a fire took place in one of the newly erected warehouses in Cross-street, Paul-street, Finsbury-square, belonging to Messrs. Jas. Lyle and Co., wholesale upholsterers. The fire, which commenced a few minutes after the numerous hands had left off work (from what cause at present unknown), was not extinguished until 11 o'clock, and almost every floor in the building was burnt out. The property is supposed to be insured. About the same time another fire took place in Bower-street, Commercial-road East, which, besides doing considerable damage to the furniture, &c., in the house, so seriously injured a woman that she was taken to the hospital, and remains without hope of recovery.

NEW CASTLE AT AIRLIE.—It is reported that the Earl of Airlie intends to build another mansion contiguous to the site of the famous old castle, and that a distinguished English architect has been down at the ground taking measurements and levels. The edifice will cost from seventy to eighty thousand pounds.

dying of it." According to Mr. M'CCarthy the malady itself is now dying, and we should be glad to believe that he is right.

A FEMALE DOCTOR IN RUSSIA.—The University of Zurich has already conferred the M.D. diploma on a lady, Mdle. Soualowa, who began to study medicine at St. Petersburg in 1862. Her experience, and that of her companions in Russia, is not the least interesting episode in the history of medicine studied under difficulties. In company with several other ladies, Mdle. Soualowa attended for two years lectures on natural philosophy, chemistry, and anatomy, at the Medico-Chirurgical Academy at St. Petersburg. During this time no objection was made to their presence either by the professors of the faculty of medicine or by their fellow-students. Suddenly, however, to the surprise of every one, an order came from the imperial government forbidding the professors to admit women to the scientific classes of the academy. The reason given was that in the opinion of the government "women did better as such when they knew nothing and understood nothing." With one exception the female students were thus compelled to leave the classes. Mdle. Soualowa resolved to try her fortunes abroad, and after some delay gained admission to the University of Zurich, where she has completed her medical education, and taken the diploma of M.D. She now intends to seek admission once more to the medical examinations at St. Petersburg, in order to obtain a legal qualification to practice in her own country.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THREE WIVES ACCUSED OF POISONING THEIR HUSBANDS.—Three women are at present in custody at Marseilles on the charge of poisoning their husbands, in order to be able to get married to other men with whom they were on terms of improper intimacy. A few days ago the examining magistrate, accompanied by the procureur imperial and medical men from the hospitals, went to the cemetery and proceeded to the exhumation of the bodies in presence of the accused. One, the latter, 35 years of age, when she saw the corpse of her late partner, who died in January last, showed signs of great emotion; the second, about 45, a widow since May, exhibited great coolness; whilst the third, a young person of 20, whose husband only died a month back, was in extreme agitation. The intestines and viscera of the deceased were handed over for analytical examination. The prisoners are said to have obtained the means of committing their crimes from an herbalist, who is also in prison. The exceptional gravity of the affair has created an intense sensation in the neighbourhood, and a vast crowd was present at the burial ground when the bodies were taken up.

THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.—Shakespeare.
 PRINCES'S.—After Dark. Seven.
 ADELPHI.—Flying Scud. Mr. Belmore. Seven.
 LYCEUM.—Othello. Seven.
 STRAND.—Sister Service.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—
 Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
 NEW QUEEN'S.—The Lancashire Lass. Seven.
 ROYALTY.—Black-Eyed Susan and Farces.
 NEW HOLBORN.—Blow for Blow and Farces.
 ASTLEY'S.—Ticket-of-Leave Man.
 SURREY.—Land Rats and Water Rats.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Eque-
 strism, &c. Onra. Eight.
 BRITANNIA.—The Terror of London.
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone, Dull
 Caro." Eight.
 ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
 POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from
 Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
 MADAME TESSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk,
 and from Seven till Ten.
 ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Jus-
 tice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House,
 Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses
 of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds.
 Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery;
 National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South
 Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; So-
 ciety of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every
 year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster
 Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers'
 Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New
 Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins);
 Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College
 of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum
 (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington
 House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum,
 South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street;
 Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum,
 Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street,
 Strand.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

THE GAME LAWS.

GAME is now once more plentiful, and therefore frequent cases of poaching affluence and murderous assaults in connection with field sports are to be found in the papers. For now exactly eight hundred years has the struggle here in England continued between the game preserver and the tiller of the soil. Time has been when to kill a deer was a crime visited with more certain punishment than the committing of a murder. Even in comparatively recent times fines, penalties, and imprisonments, to which all men were exposed who in any way transgressed the game laws, were almost beyond counting, while all betrayed the same spirit of antagonism between the owner of the soil and those who worked upon it. No means has been devised through all those eight hundred years to conciliate both sides by such a process that while one side could not complain the other was rendered powerless. And so it happens that in our days when progress and improvement go hand in hand are daily raising us to heights the view downwards from which is almost terrible, the game laws remain almost exactly where they were a couple of centuries ago, a group of statutes which does more to set man against man in agricultural districts than any other system in existence, not even excepting the iron-willed laws relating with such terrible favour to eldest sons and heirs.

But though no laws have been made whose object should be to simplify the existing state of the game laws, farmers look upon their iniquitous conditions from an educated point of view which had no existence even so lately as twenty years since. In the time even of our fathers the farmer calculated the damage to his crops by the ravages of game as a natural shape of loss, as a primary element in striking out a balance-sheet of his farming for a year. But farmers are now beginning to be thinkers, and the time cannot be very far distant when no conservative power will be sufficiently strong to paralyse a farmer's tongue upon the game question, for cultivators are learning that not only is the ravage and, above all, the waste caused by game, individual loss, but actual national loss; they will thereupon possess such argument in favour of the positive abolition of the game laws that these must soon be abolished. And there are, furthermore, a couple of very modern innovations in game preserving which tend to lessen the right of the landowner to burden the land with food-consumers which yield no advantage to the farmer himself. In the first place, owners have lowered themselves in social position by becoming mere game merchants, for a great lord thirty years since could not have even dreamt of selling the game shot on his estate. While, in the second place, the fostered increase of game upon the part of owners looks like a commercial endeavour to turn the game market to still more profitable account. Until recently the great game preserver has tacitly maintained his preserves upon the basis of his being the lord of the soil. But when in practice the

game becomes a shape of commerce, to be increased to the uttermost thereupon, the farmer is freed from the peculiar feeling of half-feudal sentiment which gave a partial consent to the landowner's right.

Already some owners recognise hares and rabbits, the great crop-destroyers, as vermin, while for the last twenty years the Earl of Leicester has positively compelled his tenants to keep down rabbits, which in the leases are associated by name with rats; but the feeling of justice towards the farmers is wanting in breadth, so that it must be foreseen that a struggle will have to be made before the farmers obtain a concession, which in the name of all human justice they may very fairly demand.

The coming parliament, or at most the following, must assuredly consider this question most thoroughly, but in the mean time poaching affrays will still occur unless some simple means is taken to abate them.

A scheme is suggested to meet this requirement which is so very simple that it appears to be perfectly practicable. It consists in affixing a stamp to every head of game to render its sale legal.

By this plan the great aider and abettor of poaching, the consumer, especially the tavern-keeper, the receiver in fact of these stolen goods, for legally they are stolen, would be completely stayed in his course of encouragement to the poacher, who very rarely kills game to eat. He traps game to sell, and having to sell it furtively, he has to ask but a poor price. And herein lies the whole secret of the poaching system. He sells cheap to obtain customers, the customers understand the bargain, and pay one half, or even one quarter of the price current, and the poacher is encouraged to ply his miserable trade again. However successful a poacher may be known to be, he is always plunged in poverty, for if he obtains but sixpence for a partridge, or a shilling as the price of a fine pheasant, he can never be in easy circumstances. It is the respectable purchaser rather than the poacher who maintains poaching in a flourishing condition, your respectable townsman's lady, or frank country wife, who purchases a head of game with a smile, though she well knows it has been got at the certain risk of imprisonment, and probable chance of murder. And it is these people the stamp system would reach. The poacher is tempted by poverty, and the very niggardly sixpence of his customers—these latter to save a shilling or two encourage a set of men to risk life and liberty, encourage them to thoughts of resistive murder. Once let it be law that the purchase of an unstamped head of game is a process which may be followed by a heavy fine, and the fear of informers will do the rest.

Under such a system poaching would die a natural death. And indeed this suggestion may be recommended to Mr. Gladstone as the basis of a goodly item in the next budget in which he is to be interested. A halfpenny game stamp might be found in a small way to aid the revenue as admirably as does the penny Queen's head for letters. No doubt there are practical difficulties in the way, but we submit they are not insurmountable. Confusion might in the first place be the result of the institution, but it can readily be seen that game being only shot in preserves, and these preserves having owners, these gentlemen would find little trouble in affixing the Government stamps—which would, of course, only be issued to known game preservers. And, indeed, if even it could be proved that the system could be only partially successful, it is to be submitted that if only partially deterrent the system has much value. We can see little difference between the sale of stamps to a patent medicine vendor and to a game preserver; while against the argument that the stamps might be used over again it might be maintained that there is no general evidence that letter stamps are used more than once, while it is possible that though a poacher's customer may willingly buy stolen game under the present condition of the game laws, it does not therefore follow that the customer would enter into collusion with that same poacher to defraud the government. People would never care to eat cheap game at such a risk. They would prefer either to go without it or purchase the food legitimately.

We are convinced there is much rationality in the scheme legalizing the sale of game by the accompaniment of an adhesive stamp. Matters far more impractical are easily carried through daily as a matter of course. Should the scheme be practically brought before the House of Commons, no doubt it would be much laughed at, but it would be ultimately adopted.

LITERATURE.

WARD AND LOCK'S PUBLICATIONS.

PART VII. of "Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management" comes very apropos, for it is devoted to the cooking especially of summer vegetables.

"The Young Englishwoman" contains as charming a tale, "Arletta," a Norman tale, as we have read for some time.

"The Household Words" for this month contains the wonderful paper "Chemistry of a Candle," which has always been attributed to the late Professor Faraday.

"The Finger of Fate," by Captain Mayne Reid, keeps up the force and popularity of Beeton's "Boy's Own."

Beeton's sixpenny "Dictionary of Geography," now at letter N, is really a work that must be useful to every one.

"Bible Animals." The Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., in the present number discourses of the donkey, that ill-used animal, which Mr. Wood has done so much for, an animal upon which he always writes with more than his usual power.

NEW MUSIC.

"Hanover Square." Mr. J. E. Carpenter's song, "Twenty Years Ago," in this publication, is more than worth its whole cost. Mr. Carpenter has not written so lyrically for years. Mr. Walter Macfarren's "Flower de Luce" is more than mere piano work. It possesses thought.

CHARGE OF FORGERY AGAINST A SOLICITOR.

AT the justice-room of the Mansion-house, on Tuesday Mr. F. A. Farrar, solicitor, St. Clement's-lane, City, underwent a preliminary examination before Lord Mayor, on the charge of forging, and uttering a bill of exchange for £800, purporting to be accepted by the Earl of Dudley, Dudley-house, Park-lane, with intent to defraud.

In his opening statement, Mr. Lewis said that about the beginning of last month the prisoner waited upon a gentleman of the name of Newton, who carried on business as an accountant in Threadneedle-street, and requested him to discount or to get discounted a bill of exchange of £800, purporting to be accepted by the Earl of Dudley, and he produced to Mr. Newton, as some pretence for being in possession of a bill of exchange which most people would suppose, considering the revenue of the Earl of Dudley, was a forgery, an agreement which purported to be between John Hullett and the Earl of Dudley, in which the first-named person agreed to write an opera called *Kong Tolo*, and in consideration of his composing and writing the said opera the noble earl agreed to pay him the sum of 800 guineas. That agreement purported to be executed by the Earl of Dudley and Mr. Hullett. The bill of exchange was transmitted through Mr. Foxall, their financial agent in London, to Messrs. Guinness, Malton, and Co., bankers, Dublin, and they, although having no suspicion of any forgery or fraud, wrote to the Earl of Dudley as a matter of precaution, and asked if the acceptance to the bill were his genuine acceptance. The earl was, unfortunately, fishing in Scotland at the time, and did not receive the letter until many days afterwards. Meantime the bankers had discounted the bill, and they forwarded the amount, less the discount, to Mr. Foxall, who had received the bill and agreement from Mr. Newton. Mr. Foxall handed the money to Mr. Newton, and the latter paid it to the prisoner. The letter to the Earl of Dudley was written on the 10th August, and the bill was discounted on the 15th. On the 26th August the earl wrote to Messrs. Guinness, Malton, and Co., as follows:—

Fealar Lodge, by Pitlochry, Aug. 26, 1868.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your letter of the 10th of August, which should have had earlier attention but that I have been moving about, I beg to say that the bill of which you sent me a copy, signed "John Hullett," and purporting to be accepted by me, and payable at the Bank of England is a forgery. I know nothing of any Mr. Hullett and do not keep any banking account at the Bank of England. I trust, in the absence of any authority from me, you have not discounted the bill, and I am, gentlemen, your very obedient servant,
 DUDLEY.

Upon receiving this and a second letter Mr. Guinness, the head of the firm, began an inquiry which led him soon to suspect that the prisoner was the prime mover in the matter, and he ascertained that the prisoner had received the whole of the money obtained upon this forged acceptance. Mr. Newton communicated with the prisoner, who called upon him on Monday morning, and he then, in the presence of Mr. Guinness, pretended that he had handed the money over to Mr. Hullett, but said that he had £120 of it in hand, which he had not handed over. He was asked to give up that sum, but he said he had not got it with him. He was then asked for a cheque, and as he refused to give one he was given into custody, and on being searched £170 in bank notes, part of the proceeds of the forgery, were found in his pocket. In conclusion, Mr. Lewis said he would call evidence to show that the prisoner had received the whole of the money, and on a future occasion he would call Lord Dudley and other witnesses to prove the forgery. Some evidence being given, the prisoner was remanded for a week.

SINGULAR MISTAKE OF A LADY.

A VERY remarkable case of mistaken identity occurred one afternoon last week, in this city, in Sixth avenue, near Fourteenth street. An elegantly dressed lady, apparently forty years of age, had just crossed Fifteenth street, when she encountered a handsomely attired gentleman of five and forty, who was walking up the avenue swinging his cane with the utmost nonchalance. Hardly had the eyes of the lady rested on the gentleman than with a scream, she threw herself into his arms and straightway fainted away. The gentleman, considerably astonished, carefully bore the body of the unconscious lady into an adjoining store, while a gaping crowd gathered about the windows and door, peeping in to catch a glimpse of what transpired. The proper restoratives having been obtained, the lady soon regained her consciousness, and explanations were made. It appeared that about sixteen years ago the lady's husband had departed on a trading expedition to the East, and having never returned, she had imagined him dead, and that the gentleman into whose arms she had flung herself bore such a strong resemblance to the lost one, that she would fain believe it was he. After listening to the lady's story, the gentleman entered into a long statement of his antecedents, which proved to the satisfaction of the lady that he was not her long-lost husband. At the conclusion of their narration, the gentleman, fearing that the lady was still indisposed from her faint, procured a carriage and both were rapidly driven away.—*New York Press.*

HOMICIDE BY A LUNATIC.

ON Friday morning last the eldest son of Daniel McGlauchlin, Esq., of South Branch, in Romney, West Virginia, a young man of 23 or 24 years of age, labouring under violent, raging insanity, escaping from the vigilance of those who were guarding him at home, crossed the Potomac River to the neighbouring plantation of Mrs. Myers, "Beaver Bottom," and executed the purpose he had been threatening for some days before—the murder of Mr. Presley N. Rector. Mr. Rector was probably above 70 years of age, and residing with Mrs. Myers (a near connection by marriage), superintendent of her farm, and a more inoffensive, kindly-regarded citizen was not to be found. He probably had not an enemy in the world. When McGlauchlin went upon the premises and began to call for Mr. Rector, he was armed with a fence-stake of round green oak, pointed, above seven feet long—a weapon in the hands of a young, athletic man, well suited for the purpose he had in view. By a single blow the skull was crushed, and that was probably fatal; but subsequently the maniac returned and wreaked his malice upon the corpse by beating the head and face into a jelly! The lunatic afterwards attempted the life of his sister, was finally arrested, and has been lodged in the gaol at Moor-field for safe keeping.

FRANCE AND BELGIUM.—We find the following in the *Temps*:—"There is a report that M. de la Guernonière has been authorised to offer a reduction of half the duty on Belgian iron entering France, and this proposal is said to be connected with the project of a commercial union. We are not in possession of the secret instructions which the new minister to Belgium has taken with him, but surely he has not been authorised to offer a reduction of the customs duty. A fiscal advantage granted to any one country with which we have made a commercial treaty must since 1860 equally apply to the rest. Consequently if we reduce the duty on Belgian iron from 6f. to 3f. English, German, and other iron will be entitled to come at the reduced rate, so that Belgium will have no special advantage."

THE French papers say the young men of New York are so smitten with Irma-Marie, Madame Schneider's greatest rival, that all the diamonds in New York are going the same way.

ACCIDENT TO THE IRISH MAIL.

THOSE victims of the Abergele catastrophe, the directors of the London and North-Western Railway Company, are now justified in the eyes of the world. It has been said that thirty-four adults suffered death by a catastrophe which was the result of a culpable system. The statement was monstrous, for only thirty-three adults suffered, the thirty-fourth being a child. Furthermore, the ill-used directors can prove by a dog-collar that certain bones, supposed to be those of a child, were the fragments of a mere dog. Again, a woman of the name of Dicken actually stated upon oath that she heard a lady passenger entreating to be let out immediately after the accident. This statement, having been partially disproved, the directors can meet the accusing face of justice with a smile. Again the sifting of the ashes resulting from the catastrophe has brought to light thirteen locks, half calcined, but only one of which is locked; therefore the directors are victims. No doubt there was a truck laden with paraffin, no doubt this truck and its attendant break van were left untended on an incline. No doubt several other trucks struck the paraffin trucks, or say truck, and there was an accident. But there is a siding-rail at Llandulas, therefore it might have happened that the whole of the luggage train might have been on it. It is true there was an accident, and the fact is difficult to be got over, but nevertheless there should be a manifestation in favour of the true victims—those troubled directors of the London and North-Western Railway. Our readers know now that a verdict of manslaughter has been found by the jury against Richard Williams and Robert Jones, the breaksmen. Righteous finding that delivers the immaculate directorate and punishes the poor devils who ought to have done their shunting in time, even if the system allowed them no time to do it in!

An application was made before the magistrates at Abergele, on Saturday, on the information of Mr. Cripps, brother of one of the persons killed in the late accident, for a summons against Mr. Eaton, the Llandulas station-master, for manslaughter. The summons was granted, and the consideration of application for a magisterial examination of the breaksmen was deferred.

A gentleman who left Tralee on Thursday morning informed our correspondent that great excitement prevailed in that district in consequence of the delay in the arrival from the continent of the Very Rev. Dean Maw, P.P. In a letter received by his friends, the dean stated his intention of leaving Vichy, where he had been staying, for Ireland, on the 18th August, two days before the accident, and nothing had since been heard of him.

In compliance with a request from the employés of Euston station and the members of a Foresters' Lodge, holding its meetings in the neighbourhood, a sermon was preached at St. Matthew's Church, Cakley-square, by the Vicar, the Rev. Charles Phillips, on Sunday afternoon, to a very large congregation. The text was from Ecclesiastes, chap. 9, verse 12. A very feeling tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the guard, William Smith, who recently a member of the congregation. His conduct towards an aged mother, as well as a husband and father of eight children, were eloquently spoken of. The church was crowded with reverent and most attentive hearers, and the sight of the widow and fatherless children was affecting to the extreme. No collection was made after the service, but a number of gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee, and subscriptions for the widow and family of the late guard, Smith, may be forwarded to the treasurer, Dr. Henry Charles Andrews, of 1, Oakley-square, St. Pancras, or to Mr. E. A. Chaston, of the National Bank, Camden Town.

PANIC AT AN AGRICULTURAL SHOW.—FALL OF TWO GRAND STANDS.—On Saturday afternoon an alarming occurrence took place in the show ground of the West Riding Agricultural Exhibition, which was being held in Belle Isle-fields, Wakefield, and at which twenty silver cups and upwards of £400 in money were awarded as prizes. There was a large concourse of people present in consequence of a brass band contest and hurdle jumping by ponies and hunters. In order to enable the visitors to have a good view of the jumping, &c., two large grand stands or slanting platforms had been erected, which during the afternoon were thronged with ladies and gentlemen. About three o'clock in the afternoon, when the hurdle jumping was at its height, one of the stands fell, and the occupants were thrown upon each other and some of them were seriously hurt. The panic occasioned by the first fall had scarcely subsided when the other stand, which had been overcrowded by those who were prevented seeing the jumping, also went down. A number of ladies were seriously injured. One young lady, a resident in Wakefield, had her leg broken, whilst an elderly female, also of the same town, was seriously cut about the face. Two serious accidents also occurred with the ponies and their riders. In one case a pony caught the hurdles, and was so seriously injured that it was feared it would have to be destroyed. In another instance one of the riders (a little boy) was so seriously injured that he had to be taken off the grounds.

A TOO-CAREFUL BRIDE.—A day or two since a gentleman came up from Cincinnati to marry one of the belles of this city. The marriage was to take place in the evening, and the pair to set off at once on a journey by rail. Obtaining his licence the joyful bridegroom called in the afternoon and presented the magic document to his love, who ran and put it away for safe keeping. Cautiously prudent, and to avoid any care on that score, the trunks were despatched by empress, and taken by the messenger before nightfall. But when the parson had arrived and the twain stood up to be made one, the holy man asked for the licence. The bridegroom referred to the bride, who said it was all right—she had the licence. The preacher must see it. He couldn't see it, she had put it in her trunk to carry with them as proof of her legal status. Here was a mess, the minister couldn't proceed without the licence in hand. A frantic rush was made for the residence of the clerk, and a duplicate licence obtained, and, cutting the ceremony short, it was completed in time for them to follow the trunk and the original licence.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

EXTRAORDINARY TIDE.—On the 15th of August a singular tidal phenomenon occurred off San Pedro, Southern California. A series of waves commenced flowing upon the coast, causing the tide to rise 63 or 64 feet above the ordinary high-water mark, which was followed by the falling of the tide an equal distance below the usual low-water mark. The rise and fall occurred regularly every half hour for several hours, causing considerable alarm among the inhabitants along the coast in that vicinity. The phenomenon is attributed to some submarine disturbance.

EARTHQUAKE IN A DEEP MINE.—Virginia city (Nevada) papers have accounts of an earthquake that occurred there last month. The first heavy shock was felt very sensibly at the bottom of the Bullion shaft, which is the deepest in the country, being 1,200 feet below the surface. The men felt very much like coming up, and the foreman had to go down to reassure them. While he was in the drift at the bottom the second shock took place. He says it sounded as though everything in the mine was being pushed violently from the east to the west—no damage was done, however, in this or any other mine, on the Comstock Lode.—*Mining Gazette.*

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE IRISH CHURCH.—The following letter (says the *Manchester Examiner*) has been received, in reply to an inquiry sent to Mr. Gladstone:—"Penmaenmawr, August 29.—Sir, Mr. Gladstone desires me to acknowledge the favour of your letter of the 22nd, and, in reply to the question therein contained, to state that he has many times publicly stated that in his opinion the disposable property of the Irish Church should not, when it is disestablished, be employed in the endowment of any other church. Mr. Gladstone fears that those few who are unaware of this are perhaps not very willing to be informed.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, W. H. Gladstone."

MESSRS. MURPHY AND BRADLAUGH.

ON Friday application was made to Mr. Fowler, magistrate, Manchester, to put down Mr. Bradlaugh's lectures, advertised to take place there on Sunday, on the same ground that Mr. Murphy had been prevented lecturing. The application was made by Mr. Bennet, solicitor. On Saturday Mr. Fowler said: Yesterday, instructed by some gentleman whose name did not transpire—Mr. Bennet: It was Mr. Smith.—Mr. Fowler (continuing): You applied to me for a summons or warrant against a person—(Mr. Bennet: Charles Bradlaugh)—who is advertised to lecture under the name of the "Iconoclast," on the ground that if he is permitted to lecture a breach of the peace was likely to ensue. I gave you till this morning to look further into the matter, to get further information, and also to look up some point of law to which you wish to refer. As I understand you have nothing to add to the application you made yesterday?—(Mr. Bennet: No.)—That being so, I think your application must fail. You say this case is similar to that of William Murphy, whose case was heard in this court on Tuesday last. But it appears to me very different. We must be very careful indeed as magistrates not to interfere in any way with the freedom of discussion, and in no way by the decision of Tuesday, as far as I can say, have we done so. In the case before us on Tuesday, it was proved on oath that William Murphy was about to deliver a series of lectures which he had already given in other towns, where, from his own conduct, and the threatening attitude he assumed by producing a revolver, and other acts, very serious riots had arisen, followed by great destruction of property, and even danger to life; and from what was proved before us as to what had already taken place in this city, since the announcements of these lectures, it appeared there was every probability of the same thing occurring here. To prevent this—exercising the power which, as magistrates, in my opinion, we undoubtedly have—we called upon the defendant, William Murphy, to enter upon his recognisances for his good behaviour: you mark the words, "good behaviour," Mr. Bennet. That of course includes keeping the peace; and under similar circumstances to those proved before us, we should certainly do the same, whether the defendant was a Roman Catholic, Protestant, or any other denomination. Now, I think you have entirely failed to show in the application you made yesterday that any such result has ensued, or is likely to ensue, from the lectures about to be given by the person against whom you apply. Therefore the application is refused. Mr. Bennet said he felt that he had failed in making out a case before his worship, and was proceeding to make a detailed explanation, when he was interrupted by Mr. Fowler, who said it was unnecessary to say anything more in the case.

On Monday there was no appearance of any further disturbances, but an uneasy feeling prevails that some renewal may occur. There were 41 prisoners in custody for the riots of Saturday and Sunday, some of whom underwent immediate examination before the magistrates. A reporter of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, who had the courage to remain and mingle pretty freely among the rioters, received a contusion from a stone as the consequence.

At the conclusion of the evidence given against the prisoners on Monday, the magistrates retired for twenty minutes. Mr. Fowler (sitting magistrate) then said the bench were glad to infer from the evidence before them that the case was not nearly so serious as they at first supposed from the reports, which had reached them. The witness who had given the evidence of the most serious character was not borne out by the others. McDonald was apparently the ringleader, and was committed for two months' hard labour. Nolan, Higgins, and five others, must find sureties for £50 and be bound themselves in £100 to keep the peace for four months. Five others must find sureties for £10, and be bound themselves in £30, except Patrick Sweeney, who having a pistol, must be remanded for inquiry, whilst Robinson, Mac, and Toolin were discharged.

The prosecution of the Murphy rioters was continued at Manchester on Tuesday. Several, against whom the evidence was slight, were discharged, and one man, who fired a pistol during the disturbances, was fined £5, with the alternative of two months' imprisonment.

THE PROPOSED VOLUNTEERS' VISIT TO BRUSSELS.—A meeting was held on Saturday, at Parkside, Albert-gate, of the executive committee, appointed by the general committee, of which the Prince of Wales is honorary president, for the purpose of arranging the details connected with the proposed meeting of the British Volunteers at Brussels about the 21st inst. Colonel Thompson occupied the chair, and Colonel Beresford, the honorary secretary, stated that from the correspondence which had come to hand there might be expected not less than 300 efficient Volunteers to attend at Brussels. It was resolved that the £150 given by the King of the Belgians for competition among the English Volunteers should be shot for with any military rifle (without fancy sights), as is allowed in the Tir-National itself, while the prizes given by the committee to be shot for by Belgians and English will be competed for with the regulation arms of both countries, which will be the Enfield on our side, as the Snider is not yet the regulation arm of the force. Captain Dighton, of the London Rifle Brigade, undertook to start off at once to Brussels in order to confer with the directors of the Tir-National as to their arrangements; and Colonel Manby undertook to inquire as to the cheapest means of transit, and also to arrange about special rates for the Volunteers entered to shoot. The cheapest route yet offered is that of Cook's, by the Great Eastern, via Antwerp, which is a very pleasant way on good boats and express trains, the return fare, first class and saloon, being only 30s. The entrance fee is 10s. to the special prizes, and without the pass of the committee no one, in uniform or out, will be recognised as a Volunteer.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—A young man named Alexander Campbell, aged 21, of Highgate, a clerk in the service of Messrs. Bowman, solicitors, Lincoln's-inn-fields, recently went into Wales for his summer holiday. He left there on Sunday last, for the purpose, as was supposed, of returning home to his mother. To her surprise, however, she received on Thursday last her son's travelling bag from Potter's receiving house for the London and Suburban Parcels' Delivery Company, Islington, but without any tidings of her son. The bag contained a label or note, saying, "If any person should find this bag, and take it to Mrs. Campbell, York-place, Highgate, there is sufficient money in it to pay them for their trouble." No money was in the bag when it reached Mrs. Campbell, and it appears the missing young man is in the habit of labelling his property in that manner. He was highly respected by his employers and all who knew him, and his absence is quite unaccountable. Up to Saturday nothing had been ascertained of him. He is 5ft. 8in. high, fair complexion, light hair, and light blue eyes, pock-marked, and was dressed in black, speckled straw hat, and side-spring boots.

THE SERIOUS FIRE-ESCAPE ACCIDENT.—It has been ascertained by inquiry at St. Bartholomew's Hospital that the two men who were injured by falling from the top of a fire-escape while practising on Friday afternoon in Doctors'-commons were in a very dangerous and almost hopeless state. They are under the care of Mr. Butlin, the house surgeon, and the following is the report of their injuries:—"Robert Reese, fire-escape man, aged 20, broken arm, wounds on head, eyes damaged, severe internal injuries. John Tylor, aged 23, fractured skull and injured spine. There is very little hope of being able to save the lives of either men. Both are insensible." They have been visited three times by Captain Shaw. It is supposed that both men, when they found themselves on the top ladder of the escape, became suddenly frightened, for they let go their hold, and fell backwards on to the ground, a distance of about sixty feet.

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

ALL annuals intended to stand through the winter in the open border should now be sown even in the most favoured situations. Transplant pinks finally into the beds where it is intended they shall make a display next spring. Prepare, by thoroughly cleansing, and whitewashing with fresh-slacked lime, the interior of the pit or brick frame intended for auriculas; already they need to be housed if wet ungenial weather should visit us. Take up and replant any annuals intended for spring flowering, lest they get too strong and sappy to be likely to stand the severity of the winter's frosts. Some things in this way, such as the silenes, limnanthes, &c., grow over-sized, if not attended to in this respect. In instances where *Myosotis* is early and large, the same treatment will check its progress; it should therefore be transplanted forthwith, in order that its vigour may be somewhat subdued before finally planting it out into its blooming beds.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Peach and nectarine trees will need constant attention now; as soon as the crop is gathered from any of them cut many of the stronger leaves upon the more robust wood in two as they grow, leaving the lower portion or base with petiole attached still upon the trees. This will induce a more abundant supply of fruit-buds than otherwise, in the majority of instances might have been anticipated. Where weak shoots exist, it will be well to pinch back their points in order that the back buds may receive the whole undivided support which the tree is capable of affording. Do not omit to remove all runners from plantations of strawberries as often as they push. This they will now do abundantly, should the weather prove moist and genial.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Winter crops of spinach will now need thinning out, which should be done neatly with the hoe; thin the plants out regularly to distances some 3 or 4 inches apart; thus they will be better able to grow hardy, and to withstand the severity of the winter. Transplant finally the necessary cabbages intended for a spring supply; pickling cabbages will also need similar treatment, where plants exist for the purpose. Finish planting also all savoys and curled greens; these, if left later, will not have any proper opportunity of establishing themselves. Sow another pinch of cauliflower seed; as the weather is likely to prove open, the young plants will in all probability come in well to stand through the winter. Should the weather continue dry, it will be well to forward any of these should they prove rather backward, by giving them an occasional watering. Any cauliflowers that are sufficiently forward should be transplanted into neat beds upon a south border, to be again removed if necessary should they show symptoms of becoming too strong. Plantations of asparagus should be cleaned off as soon as the upper growth has become ripened. Cut the ripened stalks off close to the ground, and well hoe the surface over, in order to admit air to the crowns now ripening off. Be particular to remove all old flower-stalks from globe artichokes immediately the flowers are gathered. This will be the more necessary now that strong young shoots are needed against the winter. Make yet another sowing of lettuce, of the brown cos sorts, and a similar one of endive. Transplant any of the former which need that operation. Get together, now that the season has arrived, the proper quantities of horse-droppings for the main batch of mushroom beds. When the necessary quantities have been provided they must be tossed lightly up in heaps together, there to remain until some of the more rank moisture has been steamed out of them. After two such sweatings they are, in a general way, tolerably fit for "bed" making, to which I shall refer in a week or two.—*W. E. in the Gardeners' Chronicle.*

HINTS FOR AMATEURS.

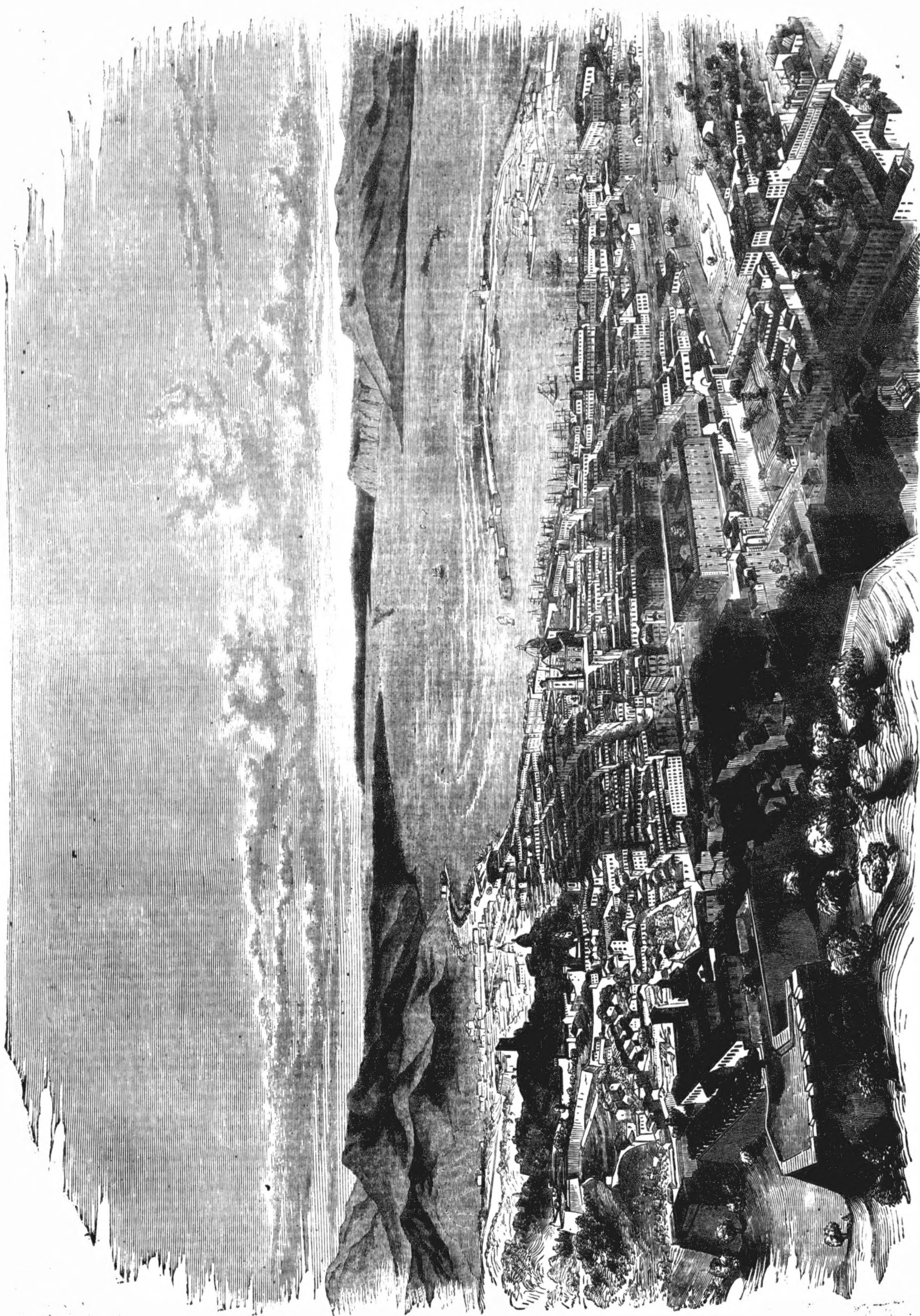
In September we should be taking active steps towards making our garden look gay in the early part of next year. We can all remember the charm of seeing the first bloom of the crocus or snowdrop every spring; and this remembrance alone ought to stir us up, with extra horse-power, to arrange either for the production of some new and prettier effect with our old materials, if we cannot manage to get any fresh plants, or to prepare for a surprise amongst our neighbours by the display of some of the more recently-introduced spring-flowering plants.

So much has been written during the last two or three years about spring-gardening, that it may seem superfluous to some to write any more on the subject; while to others, myself among the number, it appears that spring-gardening, as a special branch of floriculture, is quite in its infancy, except amongst a select few, and even they have much to learn, and many a page to read out of the book of nature, before they can presume to call themselves experts in the art.

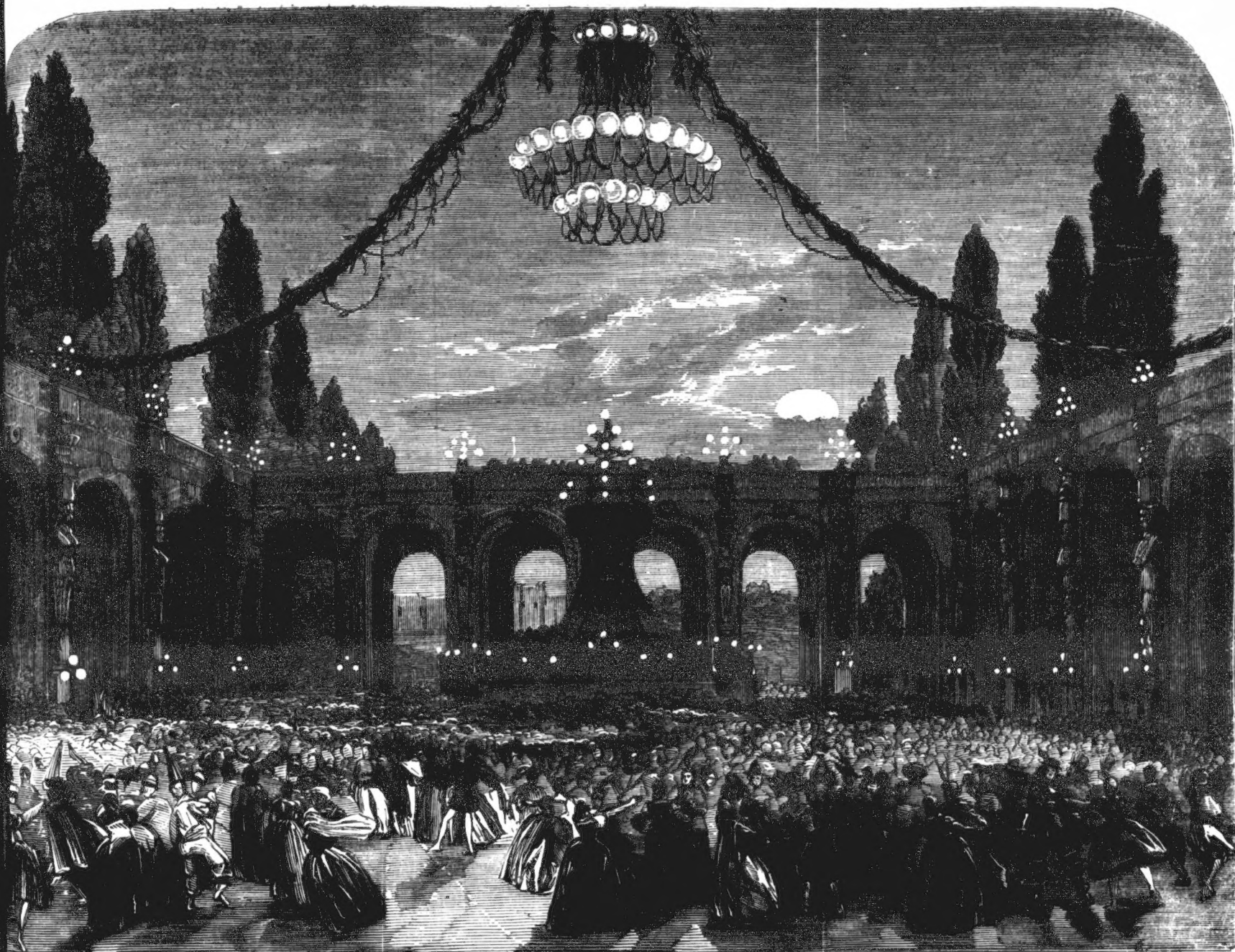
Now the development of this beautiful art of spring-gardening depends, in my judgment, quite as much upon the energy of the amateurs as upon that of professional gardeners. These latter gentlemen, having large beds and borders to fill, and bold effects to produce, naturally want to know the price of any new plant per 100, or per 1,000, while the amateur modestly asks the price per plant. The prudent head-gardener will not give £10 a 100 for an experiment with a new plant, while many an amateur will not begrudge his 2s. 6d. for a single specimen of the same thing, "just to try it." Until amateurs have tried a new plant and proved its capabilities, it is often found that nurserymen are either ignorant of the plant or ignore its worth. Amateurs, therefore, are really playing no unimportant part in the development of floriculture generally, and may in my opinion be doing especial service by turning their attention just now to the cultivation of some of the least common of the early-flowering plant.

Take for instance the different species of Christmas rose or helleborus; we all know the common one, *H. niger*, but how few make the most of it by treating it as a bedding plant, and giving it that place of honour which, by its early appearance it rightly claims—the bed just under the drawing-room window, a place which it need only occupy when the scarlet geraniums can make no further use of it, and from which it may be removed again before they are ready to come back. Most of us also know the green flowering species, *H. foetidus* and *H. viridis*, which from their appearance later in the season we may pass by now as not concerning us at the moment. But will you find one amateur in a hundred—nay, can you even find one gardener in a hundred, who can tell you anything at all about those early-flowering species that have, some crimson, some yellow, some purple, some blue, some copper-coloured flowers? It may probably be said that many of them are not worth growing, from being shy flowerers. This used to be my notion of *H. niger*, until I saw it used as a bedding plant at Mr. Brand's at Balham. His gardener, Mr. W. Howard, has shown to what good account it may be turned there; and until the species with coloured flowers have been tested under some such skilled hands, I must be at liberty to respectfully doubt their worthlessness, particularly at a season of the year when, for every one bloom that you could then find amongst hardy plants, you might in June or July pick many thousands. Here then, is something for amateurs to experiment upon. Only fancy coloured Christmas roses peeping through the snow! And why not?

Omphalodes verna is an old fashioned plant, and it is to me very surprising that it is so rarely met with now in modern gardens, while in old shrubberies and similar places you will generally find big patches of it every few yards. The only way to account for it that I can think of, is by attributing it to a change in our domestic habits.—*W. T. in the Gardeners' Chronicle.*



VIEW OF THE CITY OF MESSINA.



MASQUERADE AT BADEN BADEN.

Our Little Village.

THE STORY OF AN ACCIDENTAL DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

ACTUALLY A LITTLE PLOTTING.

MRS. MARKEN here achieved her task and nodded her head. We know some people will be scandalised at a lady going to sleep during the first visit to a given house. But then it was eight o'clock. Mrs. Marken always went to sleep at eight o'clock, and it really does not matter where you are, nature is nature, and truth to speak, Mrs. Marken leant back in the vicar's easy chair and went off like a lamb.

And inasmuch as it is preposterous to address yourself to a sleeping person, and inasmuch as it would be very impolite to relapse into silence in the presence of a lady—

Mr. Howard continued, "Yes, Miss Winny, I want to confide in some one. I am so lonely here, and I think I am one of those men who are the better for not being lonely—so you see it is very kind of you and Mrs. Marken to come in, for naturally it cannot be very satisfactory to pay a visit to an old man such as I am."

"Old, Mr. Howard, at thirty-eight?"

"Yes; but as Mrs. Marken says, if I'm only thirty-eight in years, I am fifty in looks."

"Ah, well, I am older than mamma says," said Winny, "for I'm nearly twenty-one."

"But there is a great difference between twenty-one and fifty."

"Yes, but you are not fifty, you are only thirty-eight."

"Oh, not till next birthday."

"May I ask—did your wife die young?"

"Yes, she was not older than yourself when she died."

"Ah—you married young."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a loud knock at the door. The housekeeper was heard to open it, and then a gruff voice was marked demanding charity.

"They had not eaten, said the voice, all day."

"Who are you?" the housekeeper asked.

"Me and my misses," the voice returned. "We're a-going to Rickminster Fair, and go there once a year. We shan't go at all if someone don't give us something—p'raps the parson will; they say the parson lives here."

"Yes, do give us something," the cracked voice of a woman added.

The vicar started as the woman spoke, and Winny saw that he turned pale. The minister then took a shilling from his pocket and was about to call his housekeeper, when Winny said, "Do not trouble yourself, Mr. Howard, I will go."

She took the coin and left the room. Reaching the door she saw a couple of people standing on the step. One was a pinched-looking woman, the other a tall, broad-shouldered man.

"What, two shillings, mum," said the man, as Winny handed him the vicar's donation and her own. "Thank ye, mum good night."

"Thank ye very much, miss," said the woman. "I'm sure you've saved my life as well as his; though he's strong enough, I can tell you. Good night."

"Good night to you both," said Winny. "The minister would come to you himself if he were able to do so."

"Oh, thank you, kindly, miss, and thank him; but I don't care much for parsons. Good night again, miss."

"Good night," said Winny.

"And good riddance," said the crabbed old housekeeper, closing the door.

Winny, however, remained standing near the threshold, and she heard the couple commence a quarrel before they were off the step.

"What do yer mean by sayin' I'm strong?" asked the man.

"Well," returned the woman, "Ye'r strong enough to thrash me."

"Ah, it would be a good job for the parson if I beat yer dead."

The woman made some answer, but the couple were already so far from the house, walking quickly through the snow to the shelter which the shillings would yield them, that Winny could not catch the sense of the words. As she turned back to the parlour she momentarily meditated on the meaning of the words—

"Ah, it would be a good job for the parson," which the man had addressed to the woman.

Naturally enough she connected the words with the minister at whose house she was visiting. But the next moment she dismissed the thought, saying to herself, "The coward means that if she were dead he could marry again, and so the ceremony would be the good job for the parson, because of his fee."

Upon returning to the room she saw that the clergyman was still pale, and she asked what ailed him?

"I feel a little cold, Miss Winny. I will ring for my housekeeper to throw on some coals."

"No, no," said Winny. "I will do that." And through all the din of mining for the coals in the scuttle, Mrs. Marken slept tranquilly, and as she had reposed throughout the interview with the two beggars, when the wind came chasing into the house as though a legal tenant.

"Poor creatures," said Miss Winny, "how terrible it must be to wander through the world."

"Still, nevertheless, Miss Winny, they are not alone."

"Nor will you be till your foot gets better. If you think fit, mamma and I will come in every night and sit with you."

"You are very kind. Then when my foot gets well I am to be solitary once more?"

"No. There, you know what an eccentric girl, woman I mean, I am. Here is a bargain: promise that you will often come and see us."

"And I will; but will you never step inside this place again after I am well; it is so lonely, Miss Winny."

"Why, as it is I don't know what Pilkington will say?"

"I thought you did not care for Pilkington."

"Well, I am bound to say I find I might like Pilkington better than I do."

"Well, then, you and Mrs. Marken will come and sit with me sometimes. The place would seem like a home then."

"Oh! Mr. Howard. We make our own homes, they are not made for us."

"I would I could make this a home, Winny—Miss Winny."

"And I say again, Mr. Howard, that homes are made by ourselves, not by others."

"But others help to make our homes."

"Yes—but—but we make our homes ourselves for all that."

"I should like to make this a home."

"Then take Winny Marken's advice—make it one."

"Winny—Winny—will you make the home?"

The poor lame fellow still lay on the sofa, his hands stretched out towards the girl, who had not ceased to busy herself over a flimsy piece of embroidery she held in her hands.

As he ceased to speak she looked up, then again looked down, and began sewing more confusedly than ever.

"I know, Winny, how selfish I am. I know you are young and sanguine—I aging and sorrowing; but—but they say honest men never dare say they love until they feel they may say so."

Winny, I think I am an honest man. I know I love you—and—and I do dare to say I love you. Oh, if you would take me, I would be so gentle and loving."

Still the sewing continued.

"I know how mean I am—I know, as I must, that while I am plain, poor, and weary, you are young, rich in health, and might shine in the world. But I think I know you—I think, nay, I feel sure, that you would be happier in a humble home than in a grand mansion—happier with a plain man than a noble one, and that you would rather tend and help than be helped and tended. So Winny, will you take me, poor fellow as I am, for your husband?"

She had been crying for some moments when he ceased to speak. Then she got up, came to the sofa, put her arms about his neck, stooped, and kissed him gently on the lips.

"I will be your loving wife, Gabriel. I will be as gentle and quiet as I can be. I love you dearly, and you are the best husband such a girl as I can have; indeed the only man with whom I could be happy."

He put his arms about her neck as she knelt down by the sofa side, and she felt tears falling on her face as he laid her head upon his breast.

A homely declaration and acceptance. As such some people may object to it. But then you see Winny Marken and Gabriel Howard were only bent upon forming a home—they had no idea of love-making stunts.

And all this while poor unconscious Mrs. Marken's clever eyes were closed to these important proceedings.

However Mrs. Marken's eyes were not the only orbs in the world of Pilkington, and in illustration of this assertion I may refer to the organs of vision belonging to Mrs. Clovelly.

At no time have I elevated Mrs. Clovelly as a high, moral, and chivalrous example. True, I have exhibited her as a thoroughly honest woman; true, Madge suffered from Mrs. Clovelly's summing up in the question of a certain business to which no distinct reference need be made, but at no time have I said that Clo's moral organisation was microscopically perfect. And, besides, she was a woman. Mrs. Clovelly would have read any letter she might find, provided she could have read, and so to confess the truth, Mrs. Clovelly having planted a chair in the snow, thought it might rest there, and having so good an example for mounting it as her own mistresses, she achieved the ascent.

At her elevation she remained till that knock at the parson's house, which, shaking Mrs. Clovelly from her perch, that serving woman finding herself a little cold went in doors and set her by the fire. Then she dozed and started for some time, when at last waking to absolute impressions by a mighty crash amidst the blazing wood, she thought she would again scale the chair; which mean act she achieved, after again emulating her mistress by enveloping her head in a shawl. And no sooner did she peer into the "parson's" study than she nearly described a line in the snow. For there with her "own" eyes, as she afterwards said in narrating the circumstance, and when she turned in scorn from a young female who remarked, "Well, she couldn't see with anybody else's"—there with her own eyes she saw Miss Winny kneeling on the ground, her arms about the parson's neck, and his round here.

After the first shock Mrs. Clovelly became rooted in the chair, and if things had not taken the turn which they providentially did, Mrs. Clovelly might have been found next morning a frozen image, and the victim of warrantable curiosity.

This is the turn things took.

Winny quietly got up off her knees, went to the little glass over the shelf, arranged her hair, stepped to the unconscious widow's seat, and woke that lady with a kiss.

"Thirty-eight," said Mrs. Marken directly. "Why I really thought you were ever so much older. Of all the wonderful, and of all the extraordinary! Why Winny's twenty-one, Mr. Howard. Where's my ball of worsted? I've just been closing my eyes. Pick up my worsted, child; and—why it's nine o'clock."

Mrs. Marken had been asleep a full hour.

I will not detail the gentle hopes and plans whose discussion filled up the remainder of the time which elapsed from the declaration to Mrs. Marken's waking to life once more.

"Well, and what have you young people been talking about? Give me my shawl, Winny. I suppose about everything. Of all the extraordinary and excessive—thank you, dear, do pin it close up—that I should go to sleep. I—why you know, Winny—stay to supper, Mrs. Hudson (this was the housekeeper, who had been summoned by the vicar). I couldn't think of supper—and my stockings, if you please. Thank you, Mrs. Hudson; and perhaps if you find my worsted you can send it in. Oh, I've got it in my pocket. Of all the odd and singular—Mr. Howard, I hope we've cheered you up. What, we have? Ah, there's nothing like women to make home home, is there, Mrs. Hudson? No. You answer like woman; and there's Winny might have made a home—no, I won't be stopped, Winny—for that poor Joliffe, instead of his wandering amongst those foreign wretches. Good night, Mr. Howard, and if you like we will come in to-morrow, for really I have enjoyed it, except a little cold in my feet. Good night, Mrs. Hudson; you ought to have something for that cough—have a plaster. Come along, Winny, I dare say Clovelly's asleep and tumbling into the fire. How quiet you are, Winny—why ever don't you speak, child?"

Mrs. Marken was in such a hurry to get home that she did not mark the tender leave-taking the "young people" effected, which ceremony was about the last Mrs. Clovelly saw, for with an effort she shook herself free from her inquisitorial thralldom, jumped from the chair, rooted up, and it rushed in doors.

"There, didn't I say so," said Mrs. Marken, triumphantly, as she looked into the kitchen, after entering her own premises, whose door was always on the latch; for though we are very scandalous in Pilkington we are not physically dishonest. "Didn't I say so," said Mrs. Marken. "Look at her; fast asleep, as I said, and nearly in the fire."

Mrs. Clo. was sleeping serenely and nodding in a chair near her kitchen fire. The apron was over her head as though to shade her face from the flames, but in reality it was to hide her features from conscience. And as for the snoring, it was done to tone down the shivering and teeth chattering in which Mrs. Clovelly had become a proficient during her penance on the chair.

She continued to snore until Mrs. Marken and Winny had crossed the passage, entered the usual sitting-room, and closed the door.

Barely had the household echoes consequent upon that concussion ceased when Mrs. Clovelly heard her "missus" shriek out "What?"

Mrs. Clo. gave one plunge and was at the door, another plunge and she stood on the mat outside the parlour threshold.

"Well, it's no good, mammy; it's all settled," said Winny.

"What?" again demanded Mrs. Marken.

"I love Gaby—"

"Love what?"

"Gaby—Gabriel Howard."

"And—does he love you?"

"Yes, mamma. Pray don't be angry, and let me kiss you. He proposed to-night, and I accepted him."

"Mrs. Clovelly, Mrs. Clovelly," Mrs. Marken shrieked, "come here directly."

Mrs. Clovelly immediately shot back to her chair and was fast asleep when Mrs. Marken opened the parlour door.

Again "Mrs. Clovelly" echoed through the house, only much louder, and Mrs. Clovelly arrived at wakefulness with a start.

"E'es, em, e'es, em," said she, scurrying several ways in a moment or two, and at last making straight for her "missus."

"Put me to bed directly, Clovelly; before my very eyes!"

"What's afore your very eyes?"

"To court."

"Court what, 'em?" said Clovelly, with a private conviction that Mrs. Marken was a little mistaken with respect to "before her very eyes."

"Why that parson and Winny are going to be married."

Mrs. Clovelly was so astonished and so edified that the greatest proof of her general feminineness was found in the awkwardness with which she pretended to be astonished.

"Dear, dear mamma," cried Winny, "do not be angry. I could love no other man than Gabriel."

"Put me to bed, Mrs. Clovelly."

"And he loves me so heartily."

"Before my very eyes, Mrs. Clovelly."

"Oh, mamma, kiss me, pray kiss me."

"No; put me to bed, Mrs. Clovelly. My heart is broken."

"Lor, 'em, how can thee turn from thee own child?"

"Turn from my dear Winny, Mrs. Clovelly," said Mrs. Marken, "how dare you say such a thing? Winny, my dear, dear, dear Winny, kiss me and kiss your dear mother who blesses you and who knows you must be happy, you are so good a girl. But what poor Joliffe will do, and how he'll serve Gabriel (my dear, never call him Gaby) I'm sure I don't know; and, Clovelly, I shan't go to bed, and get a bottle of wine and make it hot, for she's my own dear daughter."

CHAPTER XX.

HOW THE NEWS SPREAD.

It was barely daylight next morning when Mrs. Clovelly was at the pump. Far be it from me to say that Mrs. Clovelly went down to the pump with the express intention of telling the news which she had first surreptitiously and then righteously obtained, but Madge had not questioned the unfortunate woman two minutes before the confidence had been given.

(And here in a parenthesis I would apologise for my frequent reference to the pump. Oh, I can hear the facetious remark—"Pilkington is very watery." But all the facetious remarks in this world will not do away with the truth; and as the pump was a great truth, why equally all the art in the world will not uproot the said apparatus. The pump was—the pump, and surely everybody must see that clearly).

The news having once past Clovelly's lips, the multiplying consequences may be deduced. Madge tells Mrs. Bodderly, these two tell a couple of others which make four. The four confide to the same number—which yields a quotient of eight. These diligently follow in the same path—sixteen. The next number is thirty-two, and after this last statement it is needless to point out that an hour or so more served to yield the information to every soul in the place.

Yes—everybody knew the news if we except three persons, viz., the Rev. Mr. Gabriel Howard, Miss Winifred Marken, and old Mrs. Marken. As for Mrs. Clovelly—when she received back her confidence late in the afternoon, and from a low mortal enemy, who in common with Pilkington had "heard the news," Mrs. Clovelly trembled if she only heard the footsteps of either of the ladies.

Why even Mrs. Mac Sweeney learnt it before dinner, and Mrs. Mac Sweeney was not a woman to confide in, for she repelled advances as though they were poison.

As for Miss Mac Flurry she was one of the last to hear the news, and then she received the information from the Sweeney, who administered it in the cautious manner. Miss Mac Flurry had been painting away all the day, having in her own belief spoilt more canvas in a given time than she had ever before achieved, and when she heard the news she dashed her brushes down upon the floor, and then commenced such a *pas* of joy that Mrs. Mac Sweeney diligently retreated.

There was no more painting to be done that day—Miss Mac Flurry must put on her new "bon't" immediately, drape herself in a thick shawl, and proceed to pay a visit of congratulation. Really Miss Mac Flurry looked admirable—Mrs. Mac Sweeney said so.

Round the corner came Miss Mac Flurry, and crash upon Miss Joan Bellow and Sir Thomas Margrette—Miss Joan was rattling with all her might, and "Ginger," as he ever continued to be called, seemed to be uneasy.

As Miss Bellow caught sight of the "painter woman" she immediately tried to look her down; but under no circumstances could that catastrophe take place, much less when Miss Mac Flurry wore a new "bon't with poppies in't."

"Good morning, Miss Mac Flurry."

"Good morning to you, Sir Thomas, and your tooth, how is it?"

"Oh—I've had it out."

"And your lumbago, how's that?"

"Oh, very bad, Miss Mac Flurry."

"Sure I wish ye could have that out too, but 'tisn't convenient."

Miss Bellow looked appealingly to Sir Thomas to save her from this. Miss Bellow seemed as though about to faint.

"An' good morning to ye, ma'am," said Miss Mac Flurry, in a voice which was conciliating and taunting at one and the same moment.

"Oh, good morning."

"And how's your teeth, ma'am?" inquired Miss Mac Flurry, for Miss Joan Bellow had tried to crush Flurry with the return greeting.

"My teeth, Miss Mac Flurry?—admirable."

"Faith, 'tis more than me own. Ye've been luckier wid yer teeth than I have; we haven't shed 'em at the same time."

"Pray where are you going, Miss Mac Flurry?" said Sir Thomas.

"Oh, to me lady friend, Mrs. Marken's."

"Indeed! I'm going that way; will you take my arm?"

"With pleasure, Sir Thomas; and, indeed, I'd take both your arms with more pleasure still if 'twere feasible."

"Good morning, Miss Bellow," said Sir Thomas.

"Good—morning," said Bellow, and absolutely returned Miss Mac Flurry's bow.

She asked herself afterwards why she had so forgotten herself; possibly the poppies had much to do with it.

At all events, Sir Thomas and the artist went away arm-in-arm.

"This is pleasant news, Miss Mac Flurry, is it not?"

"What, of Winny and the vicar?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Sir Thomas, 'tis as good as a break in this croole wedder to hear of't."

"Very pleasant. I like to see people pairing off."

"Yes, the young people, Sir Thomas, will do't. We old folks must look on and chuckle."

"My dear Miss Mac Flurry, you surely do not call us old, do you?"

"I don't think I call us young. I take't you yourself are on the wrong side of forty, and I'm not far behind you, bedad."

"Ump," said Sir Thomas.

"I suppose now, Sir Thomas, and sure all Pilkington's dropping its jaw to look at me walking wid you. I suppose now that you feel all the better for hearing of the young people's happiness—eh?"

"Well, no."

"No."

"No; I contrast the happy home they may have with my own desolate habitation. You see I am selfish, Miss Mac Flurry."

"As for selfish, Sir Thomas, there's a good deal put down to that same which should go to a better account. And as for home, I'll tell ye hwat, Sir Thomas. We make our own home, an' if we don't build it well, we'll have the bricks tumbling about our heads."

"Pray, Miss Mac Flurry, have you ever felt this tender passion, as the youngsters call it?"

"My faith, Sir Thomas, was I ever widout it, when I was young? I fell in love with Tim O'Rooke before I was fifteen, and nearly tumbled out of a second floor, stretching me head to look after him, riding a horse like an elegant soul as he was. And Patrick, and Donovan; why Sir Thomas, me heart was always flying about like a shuttlecock."

"But have you felt any of these yearnings after a home in later years?"

"Faith, no. I make me home. I'm friendly with cats and children, and dogs, wherever I go, and so I've always a home somehow. And though I begin to want rest, and don't care much for shifting about like the wind, yet, I thank God, I can shift for myself, and sing over me work, and git me daily dinner."

"Miss Mac Flurry, you're a very happy woman."

"You make me happier by telling me so, Sir Thomas."

"A very happy woman."

"And here's Mrs. Marken's turning. Good morning. I tell you this, Sir Thomas, ye can always make a home, if ye've the will."

"Miss Mac Flurry, I will try to make a home—depend upon it."

"Faith, don't depend upon it, but depend upon yourself. Good day to ye, and many thanks for the honour ye've done me, if the people don't speak too hard about it."

When Miss Mac Flurry entered Mrs. Marken's presence, she looked so terribly knowing that Mrs. Marken, who would unhesitatingly censure her dearest friend in her own ingenuous way, thought she had been drinking. Miss Mac Flurry's shake of the hand was so hearty that Mrs. Marken became convinced she was right in her conjecture, and she was only easy when Miss Mac Flurry dropped upon a chair with such emphasis as to shake every poppy in her "bon't" to its foundation.

"White or pink?" said Miss Mac Flurry to Winny, as she came into the room.

"Mrs. Clovelly," was the remark Mrs. Marken immediately made, for that stout handwoman was always demanded in straits and difficult positions.

But before Mrs. Clovelly could arrive, Miss Mac Flurry pounced upon Winny, and enveloped her in her honest Irish arms.

"I hope you'll be happy," said she; "sure, what 'ull I be talking about—I know ye'll be happy. And he's a happy man to get ye, and ye're fit to be a duchess, and a jule in any man's carriage."

"Why, Miss Mac Flurry," said Winny, "you don't mean to say you know all about it?"

"Why, what 'ud be the use of saying no, when I am sure it's yes. And if ye're in want of a bridesmaid, take me. Sure, I'm not too young, but I'll smile for a round dozen, and not one of them 'ull wish you better luck, though she's only a poor dauber."

"Why, who ever told you?" asked Winny; and Mrs. Marken confided this observation to space.

"Well!!!"

"Told me, Miss Winny? Why all the town knows it."

"Oh, I never shall be able to show my face."

"Faith, none's a better right; and you've made Sir Thomas quite sentimental, but then he's no better than a spooney, though for all that his heart's in the right place enough."

"Whoever could have told?"

"I know," suddenly said Mrs. Marken, in an inspired state; "There is a traitor in the house—Mrs. CLOVELLY."

Here Mrs. Clovelly appeared in a confused condition at the door.

"Mrs. Clovelly," said Mrs. Marken, "come you here. How dare you go and tell family secrets?"

"Lor 'em, I never didn't."

"What, you haven't told that my dear daughter is going to be married to Mr. Howard?"

Mrs. Clovelly immediately began opening and shutting her mouth, manipulating her apron, and mutely appealing from one lady to the other. At last she said,

"That slut."

"That what?" said Mrs. Marken.

"That Madge. I only told she, and her's telled it 't all."

"Faith, and why not?" asked Miss Mac Flurry. "The sooner a good thing is known the better, and 'tis the best thing that can be heard that the parson's going to marry the best woman in the parish, and sure if nobody else envies him, I do myself, and I don't think, Winny, anybody can paint ye in colours too good."

CHAPTER XXI.

THREATENING.

FAR be it from me to utter any remark that could reflect upon a lady of Miss Mac Flurry's standing, but, if the truth must be confessed, Miss Mac Flurry found some difficulty in pulling up, when she had once given reign to her little tongue; and so having first stated why it was a good thing that all Pilkington should know in the morning what Miss Winny herself had only learnt on the previous evening, she proceeded to expatiate on the good qualities of Mr. Howard, the bad qualities of Miss Joan Bellow who "was sure higher than she need be," and of things in general. She at last pulled up to make an inquiry.

"Bedad—who's they?"

And Miss Mac Flurry looked through the window at a couple of persons who were coming up the sweep before Mrs. Marken's cottage.

"They" were a fine, well-made man, who had the remains of a soldier in his bearing. And his companion was a flaunting woman.

"They are poor beggars," said Winny.

"Then I'm threepence the poorer," said Miss Mac Flurry, pulling a coin to that amount from her "pocket," as she called it, and she tapped against the window. When the man came up to the pane, Miss Mac opened the window, and gave the shiver in the manner of a blessing.

As the man looked into the room he saw Winny, and touching his cap, he said, "Good morning, miss,—I saw you last night at the parson's; I have been there this morning, and saw the housekeeper, and she says her master is better, miss." There was still soldierly bearing in this rough fellow. "Thank you, said Mrs. Marken, thank you—good morning." And as Winny nodded and Miss Mac Flurry's head rose and fell like a hearty palsy the man touched his hat again, and moved away, his wife following him and wrapping her shawl about her with a sharp quick motion.

And the conversation had barely re-commenced, and Miss Mac Flurry was not very far in another volume condemnatory of Joan Bellow, aforesaid, when another visitor came in view. This time a feminine visitor—Miss Madge—to wit.

Madge came up the sweep with much purpose, and Mrs. Clovelly was at the door with startling rapidity.

"Morning, Mrs. Clovelly."

"You—you—Madge."

"Mrs. Clo!"

"What did ye go and tell for?"

"Tell what?"

"Why, about young misses."

"On 'ey told one."

"Well—come too many."

"Thee told one Mrs. Clovelly—didn't thee?"

"An' if I did?"

"Well—then I flow'd thy sample—e'es, I said what Mrs. Clovelly do can't be wrong—e'es I did, and I says to Kate, says I, and I said it, Mrs. Clovelly—e'es. How are thee?"

"Not much the better for seeing thee."

"E'es—is Miss Painter here?"

"Who's thic?"

"Painter—thee knows—Hiriah."

"If thees meaning Miss Mac Flurry, say so?"

"E'es, Miss Ma Flurney, e'es."

"Her's here visitin' she."

"E'es, her's wanted for she an' he."

"Lor's."

"E'es, him's very mooch worse, and her's with he."

"Lor's" said Mrs. Clovelly, and from her obvious comprehension of Madge's somewhat misty remarks it would appear pretty clear that if the Clovelly had yielded a misplaced confidence, she had accepted a confidence simple.

"Will thee coom in?"

"E'es."

Miss Madge then disposed of that sharp leering face which she always assumed while robbing Mrs. Clovelly of her bosom secrets, and assuming that expression of countenance which is generally supposed to prevail at a funeral she was ushered into the presence of the ladies.

Miss Madge dropped one curtsy to Mrs. Marken, one to Winny, and two more, very low, to Miss Mac Flurry, which startled the Irishwoman somewhat.

"Hwat d'ye mans?" she demanded instantaneously, divining with the electric wit of an Irish lady of sense that for the time being she was Madge's speciality.

"Wanted 'em," said Madge.

"Sure who—an if it's Mrs. Collins the butcher's daughter, I'll not paint her beauty's snub this day anyhow. I'm not recovered of the last attack—my dear Winny, the chirrub put his foot through one of me sweetest canvases, and I felt it at the time in me heart. Mrs. Collins offered to pay the damage in beef, an' I thought that had killed me intirely."

"Wanted 'em, me'git," remarked Madge.

"Then if I'd come I sh'dn't be wanted, an' I'd be sorry to disappoint Mrs. Collins anyhow, and so, me dear Miss Winny—"

"Miss Esther, cryin' eyes out 'em."

"About hwat," said Miss Mac Flurry.

"Miss Esther wants ye 'em, and imidgit."

"Then hwat did ye say Miss Collins and her fright for? Me

blessed Winny, good morning—it's poor Walter's worse. And I'll come back and tell. Sure, I wish I could put the colour in his cheeks as I could in his portrait, which we're going to send his mamma—poor fellow. And good morning, Miss Marken, and here's a silver sixpence for you Madge.

Away went Miss Mac Flurry, taking steps like those of a female grenadier, Madge making way behind, and squelching the thawing snow as high as her very occiput.

Arriving at Mrs. Bodderly's, Miss Mac Flurry, who had got all particulars from the sharp maid during the march, wished that industrial good morning, and was about to continue her way, when a soft tap at a window called her attention. Looking up she saw the head of Mrs. Bodderly. Mrs. Bodderly immediately bowed, and by polite gesture invited Miss Mac Flurry in. A great honour with which the baronetess had probably much to do. But Miss Mac Flurry was a woman of business in matters of charity, and nothing could arrest her; so regardless of consequences she sunk down into the snow in acknowledgment of the honour done her, shook her poppies politely, and after receiving another bow from Mrs. Bodderly, not so profound as the first, Miss Mac Flurry continued her way to Mr. Walters' rooms.

"Good morning, dear," said Esther, getting up from a chair at the bedside as the artist entered—"Geoffrey is worse—that is, not as well to-day."

"Then he'll be all the better to-morrow," said Miss Mac with more cheerfulness than logic.

"Why Mr. Walters—what do ye mean by keeping your bed for a whole week like this?"

"I wish I was sure of keeping it for only another week," said the teacher, smiling as he lay in his lodging-house bed.

"Sure by that time ye'll not only be up, but ye may take yer bed for a walk wid ye."

The teacher only smiled again. After a moment he added, "The boys are far more considerate that I could have expected—they call, and not only call, but knock and speak as softly as though I were—dying. One boy especially who never would mind me is as gentle as yourself Miss Mac Flurry."

"Anyhow that's no compliment for the young man, me dear—for me heart's as tough as me pallit, or it's not meself 'ud ha efused Tim O'Rooke, good luck to him. But what have you sent for me for, me doves? I should say meself ye want no other company than yer own!"

"I want you, dear," said simple Miss Jefferson, "I want you to go to papa's and tell mamma I shall not be home till late to-night—I shall sit with Mr. Walters—"

"Geoffrey, me dear?"

"With Geoffrey till quite late—have you time to go?"

"To go twice, me children."

"Poor mamma is not well herself—she said to me this morning when I was coming away—you know mamma has always pitied us—Geoffrey and me—she said she wished I would stay at home, but I thought I ought to come, dear, and this is only the second time I've been, and—and you'll go to mamma, and tell her I'm very sorry not to come home before night, but I don't think I ought."

"You see, Miss Mac Flurry, I do not wish Miss Jefferson—"

"Esther," said the artist.

"Esther to remain. I can manage very well with myself and the lodging-house keeper, but Esther says she must stay, and I have not courage to ask her to go away."

"I will go if you like, Geoffrey," said the girl quietly.

"No, dear—no—do not go. Your mother is not so ill as I, and she can see you at all times."

"And so can you see me now at all times, Geoffrey."

The professor only smiled, stretched out his thin hand from under the bed clothes, and took Esther's small brown one.

Miss Mac Flurry was too well bred, in spite of her noisy and proverbial monologue, to exhibit any surprise at seeing Esther installed as head nurse at the professor's lodgings, and now having received her message, she again took to marching, more firmly resolved than ever, that if Mrs. Collins demanded a sitting that morning, she might further demand till she was as dead as the family beef.

Quelching through the snow went Miss Mac Flurry, too intent upon her business to return the "cut direct" Miss Bellow gave her directly opposite the pump. On went the stout Irishwoman, her poppies shaking like blanc-manger with the energy of their mistress's progression, and at last the artist knocked her own favourite knock at the great door of Treacle Hall.

Could Mrs. Jefferson be seen.

No, Mrs. Jefferson could not be seen.

But why not?

Mrs. Jefferson was in bed.

Miss Mac Flurry might have been knocked down with a camel's hair pencil. In bed! Ill!

"Me dear," said she, "be a Christian an' go to yer mistress, me jule, and tell her Miss Mac Flurry comes from Esther, and would really be delighted to see her."

"I'm sure she won't," said the London-bred maid who tended the door.

"And why?"

"Cos she can't."

However, in spite of this prognostication Miss Mac Flurry was soon by Mrs. Jefferson's bedside.

"Great God, Mrs. Jefferson, what's the matter?" asked the warm-hearted Irishwoman, whose genuine kindness, good humour, and desire to please had gained her more friends in the short time she resided in Pilkington than many of our oldest inhabitants possessed.

"How long have ye been ill, an' hav' ye seen the docther?"

"He is out of town," said Mrs. Jefferson. "I have felt sure I was about to be ill; perhaps fatally ill."

"My heart, don't talk so!"

"I felt serious symptoms this morning, just before my daughter left home. You have just left her—is she coming back?"

"Mrs. Jefferson, I came to tell ye ye had no right to expect her till nightfall, for I believe a wife's duties begin sometimes long before she marries the man she cares for. Esther Jefferson is now at those duties, ma'm; but I'm of a different way of thinking now to what I was a few minutes ago; and so, ma'm, I'm at yer orders to tell yer daughter to come back at once. She has other duties than those she's at, I'm thinking."

"I—I gave her leave to go."

"Sure, yes, for ye're a good woman."

"There are better, Miss Mac Flurry, and there are worse."

"A good deal," thought the artist.

"And I feel as you, that she should sit at Geoffrey Walter's bedside, for I know love is beyond ourselves, Miss Mac Flurry."

"Ah," said Miss Mac Flurry, "ye can no more conquer it, and why should ye? than ye can paint real sunlight."

"And so I have not dared to oppose Esther, for she is a good girl, and could not think very wrongly. I suffered enough, God knows, from the great fight. I wish her father were gentler, but he has had the battle of daily bread to fight, and we must not say much. He has done what he thought to be his duty—what can we ask more?"

"Amen," said the artist, "an' does he know ye're not yerself at all?"

"No, he is in the town disputing about the church. I fear," continued the lady with a smile. "I fear he thinks far more of the church than he does of either me or Esther."

"Nonsense, ma'm. He thinks of ye in his soul if he does not express it. Of course, ye will see the doctor."

"Oh, certainly. And, Miss Mac Flurry, I have made up my mind not to ask Esther to come back till nightfall, for I need not tell you I have heard of poor Walters—"

"What! that yer Esther 'ull be a widow before she's a wife?"

"Yes."

"It's a hard trial, to be sure; but it's p'raps better so than never be a widder at all. And, besides, 't may not be so bad. For me own part I don't think he's so gone. Yet anyhow I'll take you at yer word, and tell Esther she need not come home; and shall I sit wid you a little?"

"Yes, pray do."

"Sure I will, and Mrs. Collins may go to the juice. Where do ye feel the pain?"

"I think it is my heart."

"Sure mother and daughter are suffering from the same disease," thought the artist, but she did not say so.

For three kindly hours did Miss Mac Flurry sit at the bedside of the mayor's wife, and then she left the room.

And now one of those purifying influences, which are mostly experienced in small towns, did its best to refine Pilkington, whose inhabitants daily saw grief, earnest and patient, tending two deathbeds.

The town doctor had declared the end of poor Walters to be near, and physicians being called in to the mayress they one and all declared she could not live many weeks.

Then commenced that pilgrimage for poor Esther which taught a kindly if equally painful lesson to us Pilkingtonians, and by which, through God's graciousness, many of us perchance are benefited.

Each day Esther, now grown pale and weary, passed backwards and forwards amongst us from her mother's deathbed to that of her husband. Patiently, and without a word to those who passed her, she went backwards and forwards, ever attended by the faithful Mac Flurry, who gave up painting for a time and became a sister of charity.

Yes, this great grief refined Pilkington. We were not so scandalous as before, we dealt more lightly with each other's faults, hand shakings were cordial, words more honest, acts nobler than they had been. Thus the great wonder, which turneth all evil to more good, raised cheerfulness from the sorrows of the mayor's heavily-laden daughter.

As for the mayor himself, all his weak vanity was down. In the presence of the great conqueror in his own house he bowed before the power as it pressed on the bosom of the learned teacher, and he came to the poor bedside and humbly took the poor thin hand laid in his daughter's, and blessed them by the lowering of his head.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERIOUS PERSIAN.—The "Persian" who died last week in Paris, and whose necrology was written by mistake about five years ago, is said to have been in the receipt of an annual life pension of £1,280 from the British government, on account of old claims recognised in Bombay. So much that is fabulous has however been written about this eccentric individual that this story is very likely to be contradicted. The only part of his history which admits of no controversy, is that for the last thirty years he went almost every night to a theatre—generally either the Opera, the Italian Opera, or the Opera Comique, and that while there he never laughed, smiled, or spoke to the people who accompanied him. Among the many anecdotes about him which his death has produced, I only find one that I do not remember reading before, namely, that he years ago gave general orders to his valet which were always acted upon, to burn all letters addressed to him without opening them, and without so much as letting him know of their arrival.

THE PALM FOR SHOOTING.—It may be worthy of notice at the present moment, when the shooting of the regular troops at Wimbledon has been so severely commented on that H. or Captain R. Blount's company of the 2nd battalion, 20th Regiment, stationed at Natal, has succeeded in obtaining a figure of merit which, we believe (as a company), has never been previously attained in either the regular army or volunteers. The shooting is as follows:—Number of men exercised, 53; average first period, 3rd class, 46.18; per centage of 1st class, 90.56; average points volley firing, 25.11; figure of merit, 161.85; number of 3rd class, nil. The regimental figure is at present 148 points, a fact which speaks well for the interest in instruction which must be taken by the men and officers as well as for the way that knowledge is imparted by the regimental and company instructors.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

MURDER OF 100 CHRISTIANS IN JAPAN.—We read in the *Nagasaki Express*:—The native Christians at Nagasaki have, it seems, all been sentenced to suffer death, and a body of about 100 of them were, on the night of the 10th inst., hurried on board the steamer Sir Harry Parkes to be taken out to sea and there drowned. Some 50 more, chiefly women, were to await another Japanese steamer, and suffer the same fate. Directly they heard what was in contemplation, the foreign consuls jointly addressed a stirring remonstrance to the governor, urging him to rescind such a cruel order, but the only reply they received was a recommendation to mind their own business. Another meeting of the consular body for the discussion of this matter, though too late to do anything towards effecting the safety of the doomed ones on board the Sir Harry Parkes, was to be held on Saturday, the 11th July. Surely the authorities of Christian nations will, by some means or other, be able to bring it within the scope of their allies to prevent such atrocities as these. The Jesuits, we believe, claim some 40,000 converts in Japan; if the slaughter has once commenced where will it end? are the whole of these converts to be sacrificed?

THE IRISH CHURCH.—Another Cabinet Minister has issued an address to his constituents. The secretary for war, in soliciting re-election from the enlarged constituency of Droitwich, characterises Mr. Gladstone's church policy as "an attack upon our Protestant institutions." Should it be successful, the right hon. baronet predicts that the Irish Church would be reduced to the position of a sect, while the Roman Catholic church, free from the competition of any rival, would occupy "a vantage-ground such as she has never yet enjoyed under the Protestant crown of these kingdoms." Sir John Pakington cannot, however, believe that such a policy will find favour with the British people. In conclusion, he defends the financial administration of the present Government.

SHIPMENT OF TROOPS BETWEEN DUBLIN AND LIVERPOOL.—Her Majesty's troop ship *Simoon* arrived in the Mersey on Saturday last from Portsmouth with the 80th Regiment of foot. The *Simoon* left Portsmouth at noon on Wednesday, and reached the Mersey on Saturday afternoon. She disembarked the troops at Prince's landing stage, and the regiment afterwards proceeded to Fleetwood and Leeds. The Dublin Company's steamer *Iron Duke* left Liverpool on Monday with the 9th troop of the Military Train, consisting of 3 officers, 64 men, 8 women, 13 children, and 41 horses, for Dublin, and on the following evening will depart from Dublin with the 8th troop of the Military Train, consisting of 3 officers, 50 men, and 41 horses.

THE SEIZURE OF A BRITISH SHIP IN SPAIN.—The Spanish papers, as might have been expected, attempt to explain away the account of the ill-treatment of the master and crew of the schooner *Fanny*, at Carthagena, as reported on the 7th inst. The call our statement exaggerated and over-stained. We must beg to deny the imputation. Our information was obtained from the best sources, and is corroborated by the depositions made here by the master and mate of the *Fanny* before the Captain of the Port. Moreover, we have reason to know that the case was specially reported upon by the consul at Carthagena, and at present remains in the hands of her Majesty's Minister at Madrid.—*Gibraltar Chronicle*, August 24.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THERE are several enjoyable fêtes going on in Calvados, and even in casinos less celebrated than the far-famed establishment of Trouville. At Villers-sur-mer, for example, a concert was given a few evenings ago, which attracted a very elegant and select audience.

There was a dance after the concert, so the younger portion of the assembly appeared in very fresh toilettes, but of a rather fantastic character.

Among the notabilities present I remarked Prince and Princess Murat, Prince Achille Murat, the Duchesse de Persigny, M. de Jurien de la Gravière, with her beautiful daughter (the charming Lady Greville), Count de Galois (brother to the Duke of Albe), M. Casabianca and his daughters, &c.

Princess Murat, who is always very simply attired, wore on this occasion a rich pearl grey silk dress striped with black, and was the only lady present with a train skirt and a fanchon bonnet. The bonnet was fine white straw, trimmed with black lace and a spray of lilac. The Princess also wore a black lace Marie Antoinette fichu, and over it a white cloth paletot, braided à la Autrichienne, with thick black braid.

Lady Greville wore one of the prettiest toilettes possible to imagine. In was quite in the Louis XVI. style, and the fair girl's delicate but at the same time dainty appearance brought to my mind the interesting Princess Lamballe, once the star of Trianon. The toilette consisted of a white muslin petticoat, bordered with three plaited flounces, edged with Valenciennes lace and insertion, the latter having some pink ribbon passed in and out of it. Above the petticoat there was a redingote of pink China silk, dotted all over with pink of a darker shade. The redingote had large pockets trimmed with pink ribbon, covered with Valenciennes insertion, and edged with lace. It was looped up at the sides to form paniers, and was edged all round with deep Valenciennes lace of an exquisitely fine quality. The edge of the redingote was scalloped and corded with pink silk; the front was open and square, and a small low chemisette, entirely of Valenciennes lace, was to be seen beneath. The bodice was likewise trimmed with lace, and the wide pagoda sleeves edged with the same, not gathered, but plaited in flat folds; the pink sash was also bordered with lace. The hat, of the shape called "Florian," was of white straw, the brim wide, and across the crown there was a trimming of pink ribbon edged with Valenciennes. This formed two laps, which were joined at the back of the head with a double rosette of pink silk, and at the left side there descended a spray of pink acacia.

Mlle Jurien de la Gravière wore a dress of pale buff foulard and dark blue silk. The foulard skirt formed wide bouillonnés at the side, and between every bouillonné was a row of small coquilles—bows in the form of shells—arranged alternately blue and buff, blue chemise russe, black lace fichu, black lace toquet, with two roses at the back.

Mme. de la Gravière wore a dress of claret-coloured foulard looped up over a petticoat of white gros grain, with black satin stripes upon it; the bodice matched the petticoat, a black lace Marie Antoinette fichu, and a hat ornamented with black lace, with pascies dotted over it.

Mme. Rech . . . an exceedingly pretty woman, wore an elegant toilette composed of pale orange-coloured foulard. The petticoat was bordered with a deep flounce, headed by a plaiting cut on the cross; the redingote, bordered with a cross-cut plaiting, was looped up à la Pompadour; the sash formed a basque with a double plaiting; all-round collar edged with Valenciennes lace, a ruby locket set in diamonds, and adorned with two black feathers and wild roses.

The Comtesse de Lur . . . another élégante, wore an amethyst silk petticoat, bordered with seven narrow flounces, plainly hemmed at the edge: a small casaque fitting the figure, and made of white algérienne (a material consisting of alternate satin and gauze stripes, much used for bournouses); a wide amethyst silk sash, a "Jean Bart" hat, surrounded with violet feathers; Louis XV. shoes of amethyst silk, with high heels covered with silk; large bows in front, with cut steel buckles in the centre; silk stockings.

The petticoats, which are made with a succession of plaits folded one over another and commencing at the waist, exactly in the same manner as kilts are arranged, are very novel and fashionable. They are made either of tartan or of a simple white woollen material, and require neither cage nor crinoline to be worn beneath them.

At Trouville I remarked one of these novel petticoats worn under a very stylish Rob Roy costume. The tunic, which was short and very much looped up, was bordered with a cross-cut band of black silk stitched with cerise, and below the band there was a Spanish fringe (cerise and black) with large tassels. The small mantelet, trimmed to match, fell in front with square ends, it was confined round the waist with a black silk band and sash, lined throughout with cerise silk. The petticoat literally clung about the limbs—indeed, all the élégantes seem to have completely abandoned crinoline, but in its stead they wear long tournures or bustles, which set out full below the back of the waist and look very bouffant.

Young girls also wear these tournures, but of such moderate dimensions that they are scarcely perceptible.

The Duchesse de Persigny, although in deep mourning, wears very elegant toilettes. I will describe one. A black silk petticoat, a black crêpe-lisse skirt, bordered with five narrow flounces, edged with black guipure; a black lace tunic edged with a very full ruche, and looped up en abeille; a crêpe-lisse casaque fitting the waist, describing large points at the sides, and edged all round with a thick ruche. Black straw hat, with a black crêpe-lisse scarf twisted round it, the ends terminating with fringe. The hair arranged in thick plaits, pinned to form the figure-eight.

The sad news has arrived at Villars of the death of Mme. Victor Hugo. I cannot resist adding a few lines to the memory of this estimable woman, who bore so worthily her husband's great name. She won all hearts by her goodness, amiability, and charity; those who knew her best respected her most, and her singleness of heart and simplicity of manner never failed to win for her the deep affection of her friends. For more than a year she has suffered from the malady which carried her off—a heart complaint. About four months since she came to Paris for medical advice. Her numerous friends (among whom might be enumerated the most illustrious names in France) were wont to visit her constantly in the small drawing-room in the Rue Pré aux Clercs, where the modest hotel she invariably went to was situated. There, from three to six o'clock every afternoon, would the room be constantly full, and the resigned smile on the invalid's face as she leaned back on the sofa showed too plainly to her many visitors that her race was well nigh run. In early youth she had been very handsome—a sort of queenlike beauty, which, together with her luxuriant black curls, remained in all ways of the superb Anne of Austria. But her illness robbed her of her good looks; she grew miserably thin, and her immense black eyes were all that remained to tell of the beauty that suffering had stolen.

Mme. Hugo conversed well; her thoughts of late seemed to turn upon such elevated topics as the immortality of the soul and the responsibility of our lives. She never complained, but to the end entered in spirit into the enjoyments and pleasures of all who were dear to her.

Mme. Hugo had the happiness of embracing a few days before her death a grandson, a son of M. Charles Hugo, who came into the world just a week before the sad event.—*The Queen.*

TAME RATS.

A MINER of the Imperial Mine, of Gold Hill, Nevada, publishes in a paper of that locality the following rat story which belongs legitimately to the "important if true" kind. He says:—It is not generally known, except in mining localities, that rats inhabit the mines, but such, however, is the fact. From the top ground down to the lowest levels, they are to be found in our mines. Some time since the Imperial Company stopped work at the lowest level for several days to repair the shaft just above it. After resuming work, the earman, who was the first to go below, went down alone to run out the ore from the chutes, and as soon as he heard the old familiar sound of the car rumbling along the track, they rushed out from behind the timbers to welcome the presence of man once more. They ran up to the earman in squads, climbed all over him, then down to the station floor again and scampered and gambled around in extacies of unmistakable delight. When he started for the chute again with the car, they ran following and playing around him, and when he had filled his car and started back again for the shaft, they (the rats) sprang upon the car and ran all over it, and jumped and leaped as if mad. The earman sat down a moment to see what they would do, when they all huddled around and ran over him without the slightest apparent fear, and without offering to bite him. He did not hurt any of them, as he said if they could live in such a place he felt in duty bound to let them have the freedom of the city."—*The Mining Gazette.*

MELBOURNE NEWS.

THE Melbourne papers to the 18th July now to hand bring us news of the termination of the dead-lock in Victoria, of which we had already been informed by telegraph a week or two since. Great satisfaction was manifested at the termination of the contest which has caused so much angry feeling in the colony, and proved such an obstruction to the progress of public affairs. The *Melbourne Argus* says it is impossible to describe the feeling of relief with which the community learnt that by the refusal of Sir Charles Darling to accept the grant intended to be made to him the cause of dispute between the two chambers was removed, and the dead-lock ended. The *Melbourne Age* expresses its satisfaction at the result, but is of opinion that the rancour and animosity which the strife of the last two years has engendered will not easily die away. It thinks, too, that the paramount question involved in the conflict—viz., the right of the popular branch of the legislature to control the colonial purse, remains exactly where it was, and that the struggle if resumed will be fought "on a field where the Colonial-office cannot interfere." Shortly after the despatches arrived from England containing the announcement of Sir Charles Darling's refusal, the ministry—which was a ministry only in name—resigned office, and Mr. McCulloch in twenty-four hours succeeded in forming another. The night afterwards the Assembly granted supplies to the amount of £1,950,000, and passed the bill through all stages at one sitting, the Governor coming down to the house late to give his assent.

MR. DISRAELI'S POPULARITY.—It is the fashion in some quarters to talk of Mr. Disraeli as popular with the public. If by the public is meant the world of London and of the clubs the statement is more or less correct. But the great outside public, the public which returns members to parliament, neither respects nor appreciates the premier. Lord Derby, with all his faults,—possibly by reason of his faults—was a statesman of a stamp on which ordinary Englishmen always look proudly. But the very virtues of Mr. Disraeli, his freedom from prejudices, his coolness of judgment, are qualities which hardly commend him to the average English elector. The familiar, stereotyped commonplaces, so dear to the bucolic English mind, sound barren and jejune when uttered by Mr. Disraeli, and clad in Disraelite phraseology. The words, indeed, are as the words of Derby, but the voice is as the voice of Disraeli. In fact, as far as the Conservative party is concerned, the question submitted to the electors is simply this,—Shall we exert ourselves, and make heavy sacrifices, in order to keep a certain number of gentlemen with conservative proclivities in office? And the answer to this question is likely to be greatly affected by the personal popularity or lack of popularity of the gentlemen in question. Thus our opinion,—not as a matter of partisanship, but of calculation,—is strongly in favour of the chances of the Liberal party at the approaching contest.

LET not your hat spread a false report to your discredit: for of a truth, a shocking bad one tells tales—it bespeaks a small banking account and a purse at a very low ebb. Therefore our advice is this—GO TO THE WESTERN HAT COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE, 403, OXFORD-STREET, just three doors from the new entrance to the SOHO BAZAAR, and try one of their celebrated Paris-napped Hats, at a price that can scarcely be felt.—[ADVT.]

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]



EDWARD ARMITAGE.

SPAIN.

SPAIN is another country that has been greatly written about, and of which it would be difficult to say anything new. The last two or three years have seen several books on the Peninsula, yet here we have another—*La Corte: Letters from Spain, 1863–1866*, by a Resident There. (Saunders, Otley, and Co.) The writer is a lady, and she seems to have kept her eyes open, and to have observed pretty closely the various characteristics of Spanish life; but there is nothing very new in her descriptions, and it is difficult to see how there could be. The fourteenth letter, however, contains some particulars of Prim's insurrection at the close of 1865 and commencement of 1866, which may be read with interest. "The chase after Prim," says the letter-writer, "was the varied farce, for the great end to be attained was to prevent the pursuers coming up with the pursued. On one occasion, when Echague and his troops arrived at the railway station of one of the villages, Prim, with his staff around him, was seen quietly standing in the street, and while the royalist soldiers were getting out of the train, he went composedly on to join his men, who were a little in advance. The army is said to be in a fearfully demoralised state; there is scarcely a regiment which can be trusted, and they are obliged to divide them, and set one corps to watch another. The artillery are supposed to be faithful, but they alone." The work is amusing and intelligent, and some of the illustrations of Spanish character and costume are very good.

THE NEW GOLD FIELDS.—The discovery of gold at the Cape is confirmed by the later advices which reach us from the colony. The district is situated on the borders of the Transvaal Republic and Portuguese settlements, and has been named the Victoria diggings, in honour of her Majesty. Each digger is charged a sovereign by the native chief to whom the land belongs, and two Englishmen have been appointed by him to look after the money. The leader of the first party of diggers writes word that he has been joined by others, and that they are all working successfully. Great excitement has been caused by the discovery, and digging parties are being organised throughout the colony.

BISMARCK'S HEALTH.—It is announced that no letters addressed to him while he is in his present state of health will be opened. But M. de Bismarck's health is almost as great a mystery as the antecedents of the Persian or the momentous question of peace or war itself. Most harrowing accounts of his condition are published in some quarters. His failing health is said to have been rendered so much worse by the late fall from his horse that he will not be able to attend to any business whatever for a long time to come. A recent despatch declares that M. de Bismarck is going on extremely well; and the *Press* says the warning that his letters will not be opened is an old trick of his when he wants to be quiet; and that he not only opens but reads most attentively all letters of importance, and watches the course of events in Europe with unflagging attention.

THE PRIZE RING IN AMERICA.

THE New York journals of August 25, contain long reports of a boxing match between two prize fighters named Collyer and Edwards. After 47 rounds, and a fight of an hour and 14 minutes, Edwards was declared the winner. The following scene took place on board the boat which conveyed the men and their friends to the place of combat:—"About 11 o'clock on Sunday night the excursionists left Light-street Wharf, Baltimore, in the steamer *Metamora*. The ropes and stakes for the ring were on board, as were also Collyer and Edwards, with their seconds. There were also on board probably 500 of the roughest-looking men ever congregated together on any occasion. Prior to passing Annapolis one of the roughs, by the name of Joe Beard, from Baltimore, began quarrelling with some other party, and in a moment after twelve pistol shots were heard in rapid succession. Great confusion prevailed for some time, and when the disturbance was quelled it was discovered that the man Beard was stabbed in the side and cut in the face and head. Another, Billy Carroll, of Philadelphia, had his finger shot off. It was reported that while the shooting was going on a man jumped overboard, and although probable, it was impossible to ascertain who he was. Another panic ensued during the night, and more shots were heard, but this time nobody was hurt. It was a frightful night, and not until daylight did many of the passengers dare to emerge from the hiding places where they had taken refuge during the shooting."

AN EXPERIENCED MIDWIFE.

MANY of the midwives employed by the Royal Maternity Charity have an amount of practice which in the number of cases greatly exceeds that of any physician practising among the wealthy classes. One of these women, whose skill and kindness render her a great favourite with her patients, is also employed by the Marylebone Dispensary. She attends as many as nine hundred patients annually, i. e., an average of about three every twenty-four hours, exclusive of Sundays. She not only goes to each patient's house when first summoned, and acts as both doctor and nurse, but after the birth of the child she visits and attends to the two patients for several days. She never expects to pass a night in peace; she walks to all her patients; she has been thus employed for some years, and she is at the present time a remarkably healthy and vigorous woman.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

ANOTHER FATAL BOAT ACCIDENT.—Our Greenock correspondent writes:—"Another of those boat accidents which have been so painfully frequent in the river this season occurred here on Saturday, by which George White, labourer, Bearhope-street, lost his life. In the forenoon a lug sail boat, named the *Annie*, belonging to Mr. Bowman, proceeded from this port with the intention of going to the Gourcock Regatta. There were on board, Francis Gregory, 4, Dalrymple-street; Hy. Haily, 28, Dalrymple-street; Andrew M'Arthur, Longwell-close, all seamen, and Wm. Barclay, joiner, 71, Vennel, and Geo. White, labourer, Bearhope-street. When the boat reached opposite to the battery, about half-past 11 o'clock, she was caught in a squall, and there being little ballast on board she upset, throwing the five men into the water. The four first-named swam till rescued by gentlemen who went off in boats to their assistance; but White, not being able to swim, sank and was drowned. He was 24 years of age, and unmarried. The body of the unfortunate young man White was recovered by trawlers yesterday morning close beside the sunk boat, and conveyed to his friends."—*North British Mail.*

THE RELATIONS OF LANDLORDS AND TENANTS IN IRELAND.—The *Liverpool Albion* publishes a correspondence between the Duke of Manchester and a gentleman who wrote to his grace on the subject of the relation of landlords and tenants in Ireland. The correspondence appears to have had special reference to the question of leases, and the recent quarrel between Mr. W. Scully and his tenants. In one letter to the duke says all good landlords universally condemn the conduct of Mr. W. Scully. In another his grace remarks:—"I do not advocate the extension of the Ulster tenant right, for it is very disadvantageous to the tenant. It necessitates his sinking a large portion of his capital (never less than £5 per acre, and generally more) in the farm, in a way that can never bring any profit. The only person it can benefit is the landlord, for it secures him from any danger of loss in arrears of rent. It often prevents a tenant from increasing the extent of his holding, which a landlord is always anxious to enable a good tenant to do, and makes it impossible in most cases for farmers to stock their farms sufficiently with cattle and horses, in consequence of which the land is likely not to be sufficiently manured, and the crops cannot be carried at the most favourable opportunity."

THE IRISH CHURCH.—Thirty members of the Dublin City Council have signed a requisition to the Lord Mayor, asking him to call a special meeting of their body to adopt an address to the Queen, praying her Majesty to take such measures as may be requisite to hasten the advent of peace, universal loyalty, unity, and prosperity in the kingdom by facilitating the disendowment and disestablishment of the church of the minority.

VIEWS IN THE COLOSSEUM.



PARTHENON.



TEMPLE OF THE SYRIAS.



ITALIAN FOUNTAIN.

REMINISCENCES OF THE COLOSSEUM.

We present our readers with more bits of the Colosseum. Since our last the old place has been literally knocked down under the hammer. The prices obtained were cruelly small. Some people have made bargains.

BADEN-BADEN.

We give a representation of a masquerade at Baden-Baden. Such an affair is very different from a similar scene in England, for there is no vulgarity to be marked and no intoxication. The best people attend these fêtes, where very little dancing, except by the young, is carried on.

It is said that Colonel Jeffreys has been allowed to withdraw his resignation of the command of the depot battalion at Parkhurst. Colonel Jeffreys has been over forty-three years on full pay.

SUNSET OVER THE WATERS.

Sinking apparently to rest, O Sun,
Inexplicably saddening all the scene;
Bidding good-bye to us, good day to more,
All splendour, power, yet heavenly serene:
Inanimate continuous life-source;
Nest of all warmth, light of all age—all youth,
Incapable of thought, of merest love,
Yet emblem of the universal Truth.

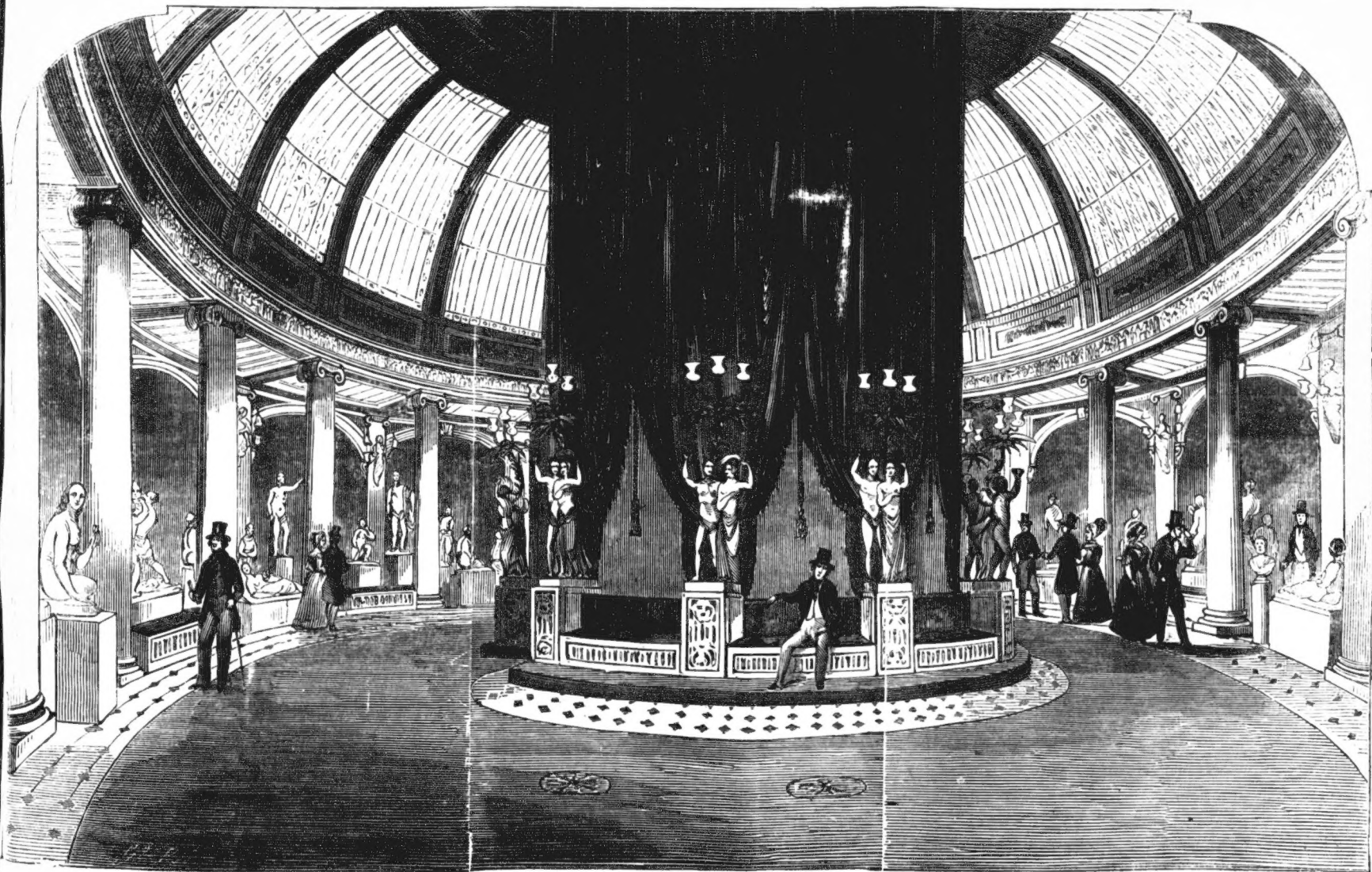
CONGRESS OF SCHOOLMASTERS.—A congress of schoolmasters is now being held in Florence. The object of the gathering, which is composed of delegates from all parts of Italy, is to ascertain the defects in the present system of elementary and secondary education, and the best manner in which they may be remedied. The congress meets at the suggestion of the Minister of Public Instruction.

THE SULTAN'S BARGE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

The Sultan is one of the last potentates to use a large unwieldy gilded barge. In our engraving it is seen approaching the imperial steam yacht, a practical satire in itself upon the cumbrous galley that it could run down in a moment.

THE CITY OF MESSINA.

This celebrated Sicilian seaport, of which we give an engraving on page 600, has a most imposing appearance from the sea, forming a fine circular sweep of about two miles in length on the western shore of its magnificent harbour, from which it rises in the form of an amphitheatre, and, being built of white stone, it strikingly contrasts with the dark forests that cover the mountains in the background. Prior to 1783 the harbour was fronted by a magnificent terrace of lofty houses, decorated with fountains and statues; but the earthquake of that year laid the terrace in waste, and it has never since recovered its grandeur.



THE GLYPTOTHECA ROOM AND ASSEMBLY ROOM.

LAW AND POLICE.

THE CAB STRIKE.—Mr. Wombwell, a cab-proprietor, of the Caledonian-road, in an extensive way of business, applied to Mr. Cooke for advice. He said he was a cab-proprietor, and did not know what to do. If he kept his cabs at home two successive days Government would summons him and he would be fined. He sent a cab out and twelve men turned it over. On Saturday and Monday he told his men to go, but they would not, saying they were afraid to do so.—Mr. Cooke said he could not compel the men to go out with the cabs, but if any persons were brought before him for wilful damage and intimidation he would punish him. You (the applicant) had better tell your men that if any one interferes with them they will be punished, and perhaps they will then go out with the cabs.—The applicant thanked his worship and retired.

PERILS OF THE POLICE.—W. Reynolds, a polisher, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt, at Marlborough-street with behaving in a disorderly manner, and assaulting Police-constable Thompson, 168 C, and Denis Hayes, a tailor, was charged with rescuing Reynolds from the constable.—Thompson saw Reynolds on Saturday night at the corner of Compton-street behaving in a disorderly manner, and as he refused to go away, he took him into custody. Reynolds then struck the constable on the side of the neck and attempted to kick him. A large crowd assembled, and the constable was a good deal knocked and pushed about both by Hayes and the mob, which consisted of two or three hundred persons, of the roughest description, and but for a person named Gardner tripping up Hayes he would have got away. A young man, named Clifford, living in Richmond-buildings, rendered great assistance to the police and assisted in taking Reynolds into custody.—Inspector Harrison said such scenes were of nightly occurrence, at the end of Compton-street. He was obliged to place extra police on the spot, as the police were regularly set at defiance by the disorderly persons about the street at night time.—Mr. Tyrwhitt committed the prisoners for 21 days each, with hard labour.

ROBBERY BY A MANAGERESS.—Elizabeth Bridges, a fashionably dressed woman, aged 32, who described herself as manageress of a fancy bazaar, at 157, Upper-street, Islington, was charged at Clerkenwell, before Mr. Barker, with stealing a bag, 2 purses, 3 brooches, 2 gold lockets, 2 ivory hearts, 5 pairs of ear-rings, 3 necklaces, and a quantity of other articles, the property of Mr. Isaac Franklin, an importer of foreign fancy goods. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner was employed by the complainant as manageress to take care of a bazaar in Essex-road, and after that was closed she went to the other in Upper-street, Islington. The prosecutor had missed a quantity of articles, and the prisoner left in February to go to another shop. In consequence of something he was told on Friday the prosecutor went to where the prisoner was at work, and he then saw she had in her hand a bag which belonged to him. He told her that it was his bag and she would have to open it. This she did, and in the bag a quantity of articles was found. He told the prisoner he should give her in charge, when she said, "Oh, don't degrade me, don't give me in charge, I will give you all the things back." She was given in charge, and Police-sergeant Herbert Stammers, 4 N, in company with constable Thomas Tew, 174 N, searched her lodgings at 19, Harley-street, Essex-road, where they found a great quantity of fancy articles, which the prosecutor identified as his property.—The prisoner said she bought the things of her master at different times, but she would sooner have the case settled at once than go for trial.—Mr. Barker committed the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions for trial, and refused bail.

CHARGE AGAINST A POLICEMAN.—Mr. Newton, a cab proprietor, charged a policeman at Westminster with having exceeded his duty in removing his chaise and cart from before the Windsor Castle Tavern, fronting the Victoria Station. The cart had a placard to this effect, "One and all, at four o'clock this day, at Primrose-hill." The policeman ordered the cart away, and the applicant said he had no more right to do so than to remove any gentleman's carriage. There were several carts waiting to take passengers' luggage which were not interfered with.—Mr. Selfe said if an obstruction was caused by the applicant's cart and placard, the police were quite justified in removing it. In his opinion there had been no violation of duty.

OBTAINING MONEY BY FALSE PRETENCES.—Elizabeth Welsford, with 20 aliases, a respectable-looking woman, about 40 years of age, was charged on remand at Worship-street, with having defrauded several persons, and obtained money by false pretences.—Mr. Womton proposed to go into three more cases against the prisoner, and after shortly detailing the facts of those cases he called the necessary evidence, which showed that the prisoner in June last called upon Mrs. Ann Bristowe, of 1, John's-cottages, Charles-street, Hackney-road, and representing herself as the widow of a Lieutenant Colonel Luxmore took apartments there, saying that she had only just arrived from Cambridge, where she had been staying with a Jewish lady who had recently died and left her all her plate and property. She had come to town for the purpose of drawing her pension as an officer's widow from the Horse Guards, and also to see Miss Burdett Coutts, who was the executrix under her father's will of her property to the extent of £30,000. She also represented that all her luggage was at the railway station, and requested Mrs. Bristowe to lend her some articles of wearing apparel, which she did, and prisoner remained in her house till the 3rd of July, when she left saying that she was going to draw £180 from Miss Coutts. At the time of leaving she had on a dress and jacket belonging to Mrs. Bristowe, and which she was now wearing, a similar piece of which the witness produced. Prisoner of course never came back. During her stay with Mrs. Bristowe that lady had introduced her to a Mrs. Galton, a corset-maker, and from that person the prisoner afterwards obtained several articles of under-clothing and goods on credit to the value of 24s., and several sums of money, all of which Mrs. Galton let her have on the faith of various false representations. On one occasion she had obtained £1 from Miss Galton to pay for her cab hire home, as she said she had her pocket picked as she came up Shoreditch, at the same time saying that next Tuesday she was to draw £130 from Gurney's bank. On another occasion she obtained a second advance of £1 by a false representation. Her adventures were continued by defrauding and robbing Mrs. Cecilia Crichton, of 37, East India-road, where about the 5th of July the prisoner went to see some apartments, representing that she was the widow of Lieut-Colonel Sir Henry Stevens, and making other false statements. When asked for references she produced a number of letters purporting to come from her Majesty the Queen, having the black private seal attached, and others from the Prince of Wales, Duchess of Sutherland, Baron Rothschild, and numerous ladies of title. She was allowed to occupy the apartments, repeatedly mentioning that she had £1,000 in Rothschild's bank and £1,900 in Coutts's bank. She borrowed several sums of money, amounting to a total of £9 from Mrs. Crichton on various pretences, and on the 27th of July she left, and never returned. After she left it was discovered by Mrs. Crichton that half-a-dozen silver spoons had left also; and two days after she received a letter, which came from the prisoner, who addressed her as "dear Cecilia," and stated that she had taken the spoons out with her, and raised £1 2s. 6d. on them till she came back, but she returned her the ticket, and said she could get them out herself.—The spoons were produced by an assistant to Messrs. Dicker and Scarlett, who said that they were pawned in the name of Mary Crichton.—Mrs. Crichton identified the spoons as her property.—The prisoner was then further demanded, six or seven other cases being ready to be charged against her.

A TICKET OF LEAVE.—Thomas Haley, aged 30, a convict, liberated on a ticket of leave, was charged at Greenwich with having broken the conditions of his license.—Police-constable Bicket said he apprehended the prisoner at Horseonger-lane-gaol on being discharged after a sentence of 14 days' imprisonment for an assault on a constable.—Inspector Digby produced the order of the Secretary of State revoking the prisoner's license. The prisoner was released in May last, his original sentence of penal servitude not expiring until May next, but now the time he had been at liberty would have to be added on.—The prisoner said he was very sorry, but unfortunately he had taken too much to drink or he should not have assaulted the constable.—Mr. Maude told the prisoner he had no alternative but to order him to be conveyed back to Millbank Prison as a convict, and the commitment was made out accordingly.

COWARDLY ASSAULT.—John Green, a cabman, badge No. 2,175, was placed at the bar charged with committing a murderous and cowardly assault upon George Garrett, with intent to rob him. The complainant, whose face was much disfigured, and bore evident signs of brutal treatment, said he was a house-decorator and lived near the Canal-bridge, in the Old Kent-road. On Thursday night he had been spending a few hours with some friends, and about twelve o'clock he met the prisoner and hired him to drive him to Farringdon-street. He then asked the prisoner to take him where he could get some good brandy, when they drove to a public-house and remained drinking until two in the morning. The prisoner then introduced a man to him whom he called his brother, and they all drove off to the Borough. He had then in his pocket a sovereign and a few shillings. Witness was under the influence of liquor, but he recollected that when they got into Trinity-street he was forced out of the cab and knocked down with great violence. He became insensible, and recollected nothing after that until he found himself in the station-house. He had then only four or five shillings about him. Eleanor Skinner, charwoman, said that about half-past five on Friday morning she was going up Trinity-street, Borough, on her way to work, when she saw the prisoner knock the prosecutor down three times. The latter got up and ran away, calling out "Police!" and "Murder!" and followed by the prisoner, who knocked him down; and she thought he had killed him. A constable came up, when she pointed out the prisoner, and he was taken into custody. The magistrate asked what became of the cab. Witness replied that the prisoner passed his badge to the other man, who jumped on the cab and drove off. In answer to the charge the prisoner said the prosecutor struck him first, and he struck him again. The magistrate did not believe his story, and sentenced him to two months' hard labour, and revoked his license.

THE NEW MASTERS' AND SERVANTS' ACT.—On Monday, at Highgate Police Court, a labourer named Read was summoned for refusing to do the work requested by his masters, Messrs. Denison, coal merchants, Finchley. He had been twelve months in their employ as a carman and general weekly servant. He was requested to assist in making a tank, which he refused to do, went into a public-house, and on his return into the yard behaved in an impudent manner, and was ordered out of the place. Mr. Denison said he had no wish to deal severely with the defendant, but as they employed a number of men, this prosecution was necessary. Mr. Skafis, chief clerk, referred to the new Master and Servants' Act, and said defendant could be fined for any damage incurred by his refusal, and the bench could terminate the contract of service. The defendant said he had no right to do the work he was ordered. The magistrate fined the defendant 1s. and 6s. costs out of the wages due, and terminated the contract of service.

EXECUTION OF THE NORTON FOLGATE MURDERER.

ALEXANDER ARTHUR MACKAY, a lad only 19 years old, was executed on Tuesday morning within the walls of the gaol of Newgate for the murder of his mistress, Emma Grossmith. The execution took place, in accordance with the amended state of the law, upon the subject, in one of the yards of the prison, the old drop and scaffold being made use of for the purpose. The gallows was erected in one corner of the yard, and barriers were erected, in front of which were placed about a dozen policemen. There were also present Mr. Sheriff M'Arthur, Under-sheriff Davidson, and Under-sheriff Roche, the ordinary (the Rev. Mr. Jones), the governor of the prison, Mr. Jonas, and the surgeon, Mr. Gibson. These are the only officials who were present. The only strangers present were the representatives of the press, and a son of Mr. Justice Lush, before whom it may be remembered, the prisoner was tried. The offence of which the prisoner was convicted was a very aggravated one. According to the statement of the Rev. F. Jones, the ordinary of the gaol, the culprit was undoubtedly sincerely penitent for his crime. He repeatedly expressed his sorrow at having deprived the husband of the deceased of a wife and his children of a mother. He was visited on Saturday afternoon by his father and two sisters, and they remained with him for nearly an hour. The interview was, of course, of a most distressing and painful character. In the course of the conversation the prisoner acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and declared himself quite prepared to die. Although he has, of course, never attempted to deny that his was the hand that caused the death of his mistress, the account he gave of the matter was that she was always "ragging" at him, and that she also frequently pushed him and struck him. The unhappy youth prayed in a most fervent manner during the whole period of the preparations for the execution, and his last words, uttered in a most impressive manner, were—"Oh, Lord God, have mercy upon me!" The sentence was hardly out of his mouth when the drop fell, and after a few convulsive struggles he ceased to exist. The body was cut down after hanging for an hour, and at two o'clock a jury viewed the body of Mackay. He had a calm expression of countenance, and a warder said in a whisper, "That is not usual with a hanged prisoner." The jurors gathered round the coffin, and stood looking at him for about three minutes. The jury having returned to the court, the first witness called was Mr. Jonas, the governor, who dep. said that the deceased was a prisoner in the gaol. His name was Alexander Arthur Mackay. He was 18 years of age, and was a waiter. He was tried at the Central Criminal Court for the murder of Emma Grossmith, and convicted. The judge was Mr. Justice Lush. Coroner: Was he sentenced? Witness: Yes, to death; and at the termination of the session I had this warrant (producing it) for the execution of the sentence. Coroner: That warrant says, "The body of Alexander Arthur Mackay is to be hanged by the neck, and afterwards buried in the precincts of the gaol." Was he hanged this morning? Witness: Yes; the person so hanged was the one sentenced to death. Dr. Gibson, surgeon of the gaol, deposed that the cause of the deceased's death was hanging. The Coroner said that the jury could now, after hearing that evidence, answer the questions put to them by the Act of Parliament. The jury then signed a verdict "that the deceased was legally and properly executed."

EARTHQUAKE.—A shock of earthquake was felt on the coast of New South Wales on the 18th June. The *Sydney Morning Herald* says that the motion does not appear to have been violent, or to have been perceived by a large proportion of the population. "This," it adds, "may be accounted for in some degree by the event occurring at an hour when most people had retired to rest, and the vibration not being strong enough to disturb the repose of many. Nevertheless, the testimony of a large number of reliable witnesses located in different parts of the city and country, agreeing as their concurrent statements do in reference to the time and generally as to the character of the phenomenon, leaves no doubt of the fact that this country was actually visited by an earthquake on the date mentioned."

BRUTAL MURDER NEAR ALTRINCHAM.

EARLY on Sunday morning, a murder was committed near Altrincham, under the most atrocious circumstances. The unfortunate victim is a young man named Thomas Jenkinson, aged thirty-four, foreman at a tile and brick works, very much respected in the neighbourhood. It appears that a gang of Irish farm labourers had been drinking in Altrincham on Saturday evening. About midnight they proceeded up Long-lane on their way to Bingley, evidently intent upon mischief. They armed themselves with brickbats, and tore down palings as they went along, attacking several persons whom they met. A farmer named John Holford, and another man, John Yesford, were both wounded, but escaped without very serious injury. Having proceeded up the road about three-quarters of a mile, near Claremont House, they encountered Thomas Jenkinson and two youth named John Falkner and — Ward, who were on their way to commence mushroom gathering at day-break. Without any provocation the gang of ruffians, consisting of ten or twelve, set upon Jenkinson, and battered in his head with bricks and palings. Death must have ensued almost instantaneously. The two youths fled, and gave the alarm to the police in Altrincham. Superintendent Andrews and Sergeant Dulton, with assistants, were soon on the track of the murderers. Some of them were apprehended, concealed in the outbuildings of the neighbouring farms, and some were taken in Altrincham. Three were apprehended near Lymm, through the timely information of a cabman, who happened to have heard of the murder, and was on the alert. One of the ruffians was secured by Superintendent Andrews, after a desperate resistance. Sergeant Dulton was also the means of capturing another under similar circumstances. It appears that the two youths referred to will be able to identify at least seven of the prisoners. The police were all day scouring the country in search of the remainder of the gang. The murder has produced a feeling of intense horror in the district.

THE GREAT FIRE IN SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS.

At the north-eastern point of the Southampton Tidal Dock there are extensive buildings, consisting of a West India factory, a sugar house, and an emigration depot. A considerable space intervenes between these buildings, and some export and import sheds, which are close to the dock quay, alongside which the huge mail packets lie. The buildings, such as the factory, are erected by the dock company, and let out at long leases. The factory is rented by the Royal Mail Company, and they employ there nearly 400 men, most of them skilled workmen, in making new or repairing the old brass, iron, or steel machinery of their monster ships. The tools, such as lathes and other machines for this purpose, are of a very beautiful, ingenious, and costly description. Most of these have been destroyed by the great fire on Friday night last. A short time since the Royal Mail steamer *Atrato* broke down, and fortunately the new shaft which had been prepared for her had been shipped on board a few hours before the fire happened. The *Southampton Observer* of Saturday states that the damage done by the fire will cost more than £20,000 to repair. The Royal Mail Company had 25 years' accumulations of drawing and patterns of every part of the machinery of the ships of their fleet. All these drawings and patterns were numbered, so that if anything was damaged or worn out in the machinery of an inter-colonial ship it could be written for and sent abroad without the ships having to come home to be repaired. The drawings were fortunately saved, but the patterns were destroyed, and their loss is almost irreparable. Fortunately there was no wind blowing on Friday night. Had the wind blown from the north enormous stores of steam coal and extensive dock sheds would probably have caught fire, and some of the great mail packets would have been imperilled. The Australian packet *Pera* was lying not far from the fire. She had a portion of her mails and a large amount of specie on board, and her steam was ordered to be got up to enable her to move away from her berth in case the fire should spread towards her. The fire originated in the carpenters' workshop of the Royal Mail factory, and was most probably caused by the reprehensible practice of some workman smoking in the workshop. The fire bells rung out at about half-past 7, and engines were soon on the spot. The Royal Engineers, from the Ordnance-office, the Volunteer Engineer, sailors from her Majesty's ship, *Hector*, lying in Southampton-water, and a large force of firemen and policemen were present keeping order or assisting to put out the fire. The Dock gates were closed to the public, but thousands of persons had collected in the marsh close to the docks by 8 o'clock. The fire raged with intense fury for three hours. It lighted up a portion of the town as if it were broad daylight, and it was seen at Lyndhurst in the heart of the New Forest. Some daring acts were performed by men to prevent the flames from spreading, which excited tremendous applause amongst the lookers on. The fire was completely got under by 1 o'clock on Saturday morning, and was fortunately confined to the West India factory and the sugar house. A large number of workmen have lost their tools and will be thrown out of work. Captain Jones, of the Royal Engineers, was injured in assisting to stay the work of destruction. There has been no such fire in Southampton since 1837, when some large stores at the bottom of the High-street caught fire, and about thirty young men belonging to the town lost their lives.

UNCULTIVATED WOMEN AND THEIR HOMES.

A CULTIVATED judgment, self-possession, courage, and energy, are intrinsically good qualities, whether present in men or women, whether stamped with the approval of men or not. It is by no means true that a woman, when obliged to be self-reliant, must necessarily cease to be gentle or become in any degree masculine. The habit of self-reliance need not engender presumption, or interrupt the exercise of any womanly grace. It does not make a woman less tender, or less sympathetic, or less generous; it certainly is not likely to make her less able to appreciate and to reverence the noble qualities of others. It does not make her delight less in order, in delicate personal and household neatness, in whatever of beauty she can afford to have around her. Indeed, one good effect of an active life is that it increases the keenness of appreciation for all these specially feminine refinements. Everyone knows how deficient in any trace of artistic feeling and love of beauty are the majority of London houses inhabited by the professional and mercantile classes where the women of the family are specially not active. The houses are dull and ugly, not from the want of leisure and wealth, but from the mental inactivity of the women who direct them, for it is "by knowledge that the chambers are filled with all precious and pleasant riches." Who has not suffered while waiting in the dreary dining room or the still more dreary drawing-room? Who has not groaned in view of the dusty dulness, the wax or paper flowers under glass shades, the soiled chintz covers, the hideous needlework, the bare tables with their centrifugal system of intolerably dull books—generally old *Annals* and *Thomson's Seasons*? May it not be that if the wives in these houses were accustomed to mental work, if they knew how greatly it increased the value of domestic brightness and order, the rooms would wear a different aspect?—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

CITY HAT COMPANY's only retail address is Nos. 109, 110, and 3, SHOE-LANE, exactly EIGHT doors from Fleet-street. Particular attention is called to the distance of the premises from Fleet-street, the great success of the CITY HAT COMPANY having caused several imitators to open shops in the same vicinity with names very similar.—WALKER and FORTESCUE, Managers. —[ADVT.]

THE CHARGE AGAINST AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY.

At the Clerkenwell Police-court, on Monday, Mr. George Hamilton, of 36, Gloucester-road, Seven Sisters-road, Holloway, described as a gentleman, and who stated that he held the commission of captain in one of her Majesty's regiments of foot, was brought before Mr. Cooke, on remand, to answer a charge which had been preferred against him by Mr. Motum, secretary of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children, Haymarket, of having unlawfully assaulted and beaten his servant, Caroline Grimes.

Mr. John Wakeling, solicitor, presented on behalf of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children; and Mr. Montague Williams, barrister, defended.

The facts of the previous examination in this case were fully reported in the *Daily News* of the 3rd instant, and it will be remembered that the complainant had been in the service of the defendant since the 27th July. On Saturday, the 15th of August, her mistress went to Yarmouth, leaving her and the defendant at home. A little before 12 o'clock the same night the defendant told her to turn off the gas, and fasten up the house. She did so and went to bed, and some time afterwards the defendant called to her to bring a candle. She told him that there was one on the stairs, but as he continued to call her, she put her dress over her night gown and went into the room. He then assaulted her, and said "Come into my bed and sleep with me, as I do not like to sleep by myself." She screamed and struggled and got away from him, ran down stairs, opened the street-door, and went into the street, the defendant following her in his night dress as far as the door. Although the neighbours and the police asked the defendant to give the complainant her boots and clothes he refused, and when he was spoken to afterwards by the girl's father and Police-constable Robinson, 88 N. one of the warrant officers of the court he said he "did not in recently assault the girl, as he was in bed at the time," and afterwards he said, "Well I did take hold of the girl's hand to feel her pulse, as I thought she was ill."

The girl was recalled, and, in answer to Mr. Williams, she said she had been ill, and had a fit that day. She did not go to his bedside voluntarily—he pulled her towards him. She ran away into a room and locked the door. He came to the door and told her to unlock it, or he would break it open. When he went away she opened the door, and ran down stairs and into the street. At half-past ten the following morning she got over the back garden wall, having previously knocked at the front door two or three times and obtained no answer, and finding the back door open she called to her master and asked him if she could have her clothes. He told her that she could have them, and she went in and took some of them. She was in the house about five minutes, and when she went in he was up, but when she came out he was in her bed. When she went into the house there were persons in the yard on both sides of it.

Mrs. Moore, who resides next door to the defendant, said that at the time in question her house was closed and fastened, and it was through hearing the screams and cries of the girl that she went down and found the complainant standing in the street undressed and without shoes.

Mr. Williams, for the defence, submitted that no case of indecent assault had been made out; and if any offence had been committed, it was that of a common assault only.

Mr. Cooke committed the prisoner taking bail, the defendant himself in £40 and two securities, in the sum of £20 each.

A SINGULAR MISTAKE.

BARTHOLOMEW CHARLES DALEY, a corporal in the Lancers, was charged before Mr. Woolrich at Lambeth with breaking and entering a house in Albert-road, New-town, Norwood.

The prisoner was in a few days to leave for Ireland, but before doing so he resolved to pay his brother a visit, and accordingly repaired to his house, No. 3, Albert-road, Norwood, where he and his brother and a friend made so merry that about an hour or so after midnight they all got into bed together in the back parlour, the prisoner being evidently the worse for drink. At something like 3 o'clock in the morning the prisoner got up attired in his drawers and stockings, opened the front door, and went out into the street. He was (according to the statement of several parties) very much confused, and after wandering up the street came back, as he thought, to his brother's house. Finding the door shut he opened the parlour window, got in, and proceeded to the back room, and got into bed. He had not been there very long before a woman in the bed called out, "Oh, my God, here's some man in the bed." This aroused the woman's husband, who at once started up and discovered the prisoner. He asked what business he had there, when he said he was a soldier and wanted his clothes. The husband told him he would soldier him, and was about to attack him with a thick stick, but was prevented by the wife, who advised that the police should be sent for, and the supposed burglar given into custody. This was done, when prisoner said he believed he had been brought there by some women, and robbed of his clothes, and then rammed into some other statement, in which there seemed but little sense. After his removal to the station, he said he thought he was in his brother's house, and from other remarks he made Sergeant Tarrant, 4 P. Reserve, went into Albert-road, and on coming to No. 3, found the street-door wide open. On entering the back room he saw two men in bed, who, on being aroused, proved to be the prisoner's brother and his friend, who seemed extremely surprised at prisoner's absence. On a chair in the room was the uniform of the prisoner.

Mr. Woolrich.—This is a very singular charge prisoner; what have you to say to it?

Prisoner.—The evidence is quite correct, but I never meant any harm. I got so confused with drink that I must have come out of my brother's house into the street instead of going into the yard, and on my return, believing the door had

got shut, I made my way in at the window, believing it was my brother's house.

Sergeant Tarrant explained to his worship that the whole row of houses were of one appearance, and a mistake might be made by a stranger, particularly if his senses were not in the clearest state.

Mr. and Mrs. Tappington, the occupiers of No. 1, said they had no desire to press the case, as they believed it was an unintentional affair.

The prisoner, after receiving a severe lesson from Mr. Woolrich to abstain from drink, through which he had nearly been led into a very serious condition, was discharged.

OBTAINING MONEY BY FALSE REPRESENTATIONS.

JAMES WILLIAM BARRY, a cornet in the 3rd Hussars, residing at the Craven Hotel, Strand, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt at Marlborough-street, with obtaining by false representations the sum of £4 12s., the moneys of Mr. Richard Rees, bootmaker, of No. 24, Jermyn-street, with intent to defraud him of the same.

Mr. David R. Carr, Piccadilly, appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, for the defence.

Mr. Carr, having briefly opened the case, called

Mr. Richard Rees, who said that he supplied the prisoner with goods to the amount of £10 8s., and on the 1st September the prisoner drew a cheque for the sum of £15 on Messrs. Cox and Co., Craig's-court, and asked for the balance, and he gave it to him. Subsequently on the cheque being presented at Messrs. Cox and Co.'s it was not paid, it not being provided for.

Mr. Lewis asked how the prisoner was apprehended?

Mr. Rees said he was given into custody. Mr. Lewis took an objection to the arrest, a warrant in such a case being necessary.

Mr. Tyrwhitt held that the objection taken by Mr. Lewis was a good one, and that a warrant ought to have been obtained.

Mr. Rees said he was told by the inspector at the station to give the prisoner into custody.

Mr. Tyrwhitt said the prisoner must be discharged, and a warrant applied for, and the prisoner could then be taken again.

Mr. Carr said he understood the prisoner was going to France.

The prisoner was then discharged, and left the court while the information on which the warrant was to be obtained was being laid.

FEARFUL DEATH OF AN ENGINEERMAN.

A most fearful and fatal accident befel Joseph Clark, an engineerman in the employment of Messrs. Pow and Fawcett, at their factory, Hudson-street, North Shields, on Saturday. Clark had set the engine on, when by some accident he got entangled in the machinery. His cries attracted the attention of the other workmen, and the engine was stopped; but he was so fast jammed in amongst the machinery that it was fully half-an-hour before he could be got out. The unfortunate man was dreadfully crushed over the chest, and only lived a short time after he was rescued.

THE PHARMACOPŒIA.

AN extract from the second edition (page 188) of the translation of the Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.:—"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the 'Pharmacopœia') that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that hemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of

COCKLE'S PILLS,

which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom—a muscular purge, and a mucous purge, and a hydrogogue purge, combined, and their effects properly controlled by a dirigent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids, like most aloe pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no dissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

ESTABLISHED 1848.

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Masonic Jewels, Clothing, Banners, Furniture, Decorations, and Embroideries for Provincial Grand Lodges, Craft Lodges, Mark Lodges, and Royal Arch Chapters. Also for K.T., R.C., 30th and 33rd Degrees

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